ROBERT FORSYTHE ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

NEW MASSES

AUGUST 24, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS

Hugo Black

A Man with the Right Kind of Enemies

By Wallace Moore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN OURSELVES

MAJOR FREDERICK I. LORD, whose "Education of an Adventurer" in our August 10 issue was well liked, dropped into our office this week and complicated our going to press by spinning yarns that were too interesting to allow us to stick to business. One of them was about an icy immigration official of a European power who melted instantly when he learned which side in Spain Major Lord was rooting for. To tell you the others would be taking the edge off his speaking tour, arranged by the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Philadelphians will be among the first to hear him—on a show-boat excursion under the auspices of the North American Committee on August 31.

What's What

THE fight around the Supreme Court reform question typified the sharpening of the lines between reaction and progressivism on the national political front. The session of Congress drawing to a close has been a historic session, one which will long be remembered as marking out the fundamental cleavages in present-day political thought and action. No member of Congress has been more active in the fight for progressive policies in this Congress than Representative J. T. Bernard, Farmer-Labor congressman from Minnesota. It is with special pride that we are able to announce for next week's issue an article by Congressman Bernard which reviews the closing session of Congress. Congressman Bernard's article names names in showing how conservatives, progressives, and those unpleasant gentlemen, the fake progressives and liberals, behaved on specific issues during the Seventy-fifth Congress. Don't miss this important contribution to current political history. . . . "Cardenas forces foe's resignation . . . radical-conservative split widens" read the headlines as we go to press. What is going on in Mexico? In particular, what is happening in the Mexican labor movement? News of a seemingly disastrous split in Mexican labor ranks came through some weeks ago. Charles Wedger, an expert in Latin American affairs, has written a piece for us which gives a detailed account of the present state of affairs. Watch for it next week or later. . . . Muriel Rukeyser, that brilliant young poet whose work we have occasionally been privileged to publish, visited Spain during the war. Partly around that experience she has written a long poem called "Mediterranean" which we will publish in an early issue.

Writers and others will be interested in two prize contests recently announced. The magazine *Soviet Russia Today* is offering a first prize of $500, plus additional prizes totaling another $500, for the best essays on the subject, "What the Soviet Union Means to Humanity." Manuscripts entered in the competition should be five hundred words or less, should be written on one side of the paper, and should carry the name, address, and occupation of the author on the first page. The judges include Harry Elmer Barnes, Erskine Caldwell, Clifford Odets, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Oliver LaFarge, Max Lerner, and Blanche Yurka. The deadline is September 15, and several of the prize essays will be published in the November issue of the magazine. Further information can be had from Dept. 803, *Soviet Russia Today*, 824 Broadway, New York City. A prize-play contest is announced by Icor and the Artef Players. The sponsors want a full-length play, either comedy or serious drama, based upon Jewish life. Use of the American scene and realistic and modern form will be given preference. The plays may be written either in Yiddish or English. Two prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $700 and a second prize of $300. Royalties will be agreed upon between the author and the sponsors of the contest. The deadline is January 1, 1938, and manuscripts should be sent to the Contest Committee, 247 West 48th Street, New York City.

Malcolm Cowley, one of the editors of the *New Republic*, who recently headed the American delegation of the League of American Writers to the International Congress of Writers in Spain (we published his report to the League in our issue of August 10), will speak under the joint auspices of the League and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy at the New School for Social Research in New York the evening of Wednesday, August 25. He will discuss the international congress and tell of his experiences behind the lines in Spain. George Soule of the *New Republic* will be chairman.

Some of our readers are too young ever to have seen that early glamour gal of the screen, Theda Bara, in action. Such of them as live in the vicinity of New York will have a chance to see her practice her sinful wiles at a "nickelodeon night" under the sponsorship of this magazine at Camp Unity, Wingdale, N. Y., the evening of Thursday, August 26, along with the early Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, and others. And those readers who will be at Camp Followers of the Trail Sunday, August 22, will hear Editor Joseph Freeman speak on "Current Trends in American Culture."

And by way of postscript: You'll recall that a number of American magazines, in response to our request, agreed to send copies of each issue to the American Lincoln Brigade in Spain. One more has come through: the *Survey Graphic*. And while we're on the subject, we may as well tell you the payoff on our correspondence with the *Scientific American* on this matter. You'll recall that Executive Editor F. D. McHugh replied that he wouldn't send any copies because the fight in Spain was none of our business. You'll recall also that we wrote back, asking him whether he thought that Lafayette, von Steuben, Pulaski, and the other international volunteers who aided us in the American Revolution should have stayed home and minded their business. Well, after a couple of weeks, Mr. McHugh answered. He said yes, Lafayette and the others should have stayed home; it was none of their business. So you see. . . .

Who's Who

WALLACE MOORE, who turns the political X-ray on Senator Black in this issue, is the Washington, D. C., correspondent for a string of newspapers scattered over the U. S. A. . . . Marion Hammett has written on labor matters for us before. Her most recent article was on the way the women's auxiliaries worked on both sides in the steel strike. . . . Robert Forsythe's comment may be absent from our pages during the next few weeks, unless he decides to combine polemic with pleasure. He sailed the other day for a trip through Europe. . . . Bob Stuart is a free-lancer who has given practical expression to his interest in the economic organization of writers. He has been an active member of the Writers' Union since it was founded. . . . Archibald MacLeish, who has written for us on previous occasions, is the author of *The Fall of a City*, a poem, anti-fascist in viewpoint, recently written for radio rendition and since published in book form. He is a member of the staff of *Fortune*. . . . Charles Dexter's knowledge of the amusements workers' economic and organizational problems comes in line of duty. He is dramatic editor of the *Daily Worker*. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is assistant professor of English at New York University. His critical comment has appeared from time to time in our columns, as well as in those of *Science & Society*, *Fight*, and other journals. . . . Philip Sahren is a regular contributor to both the "pulps" and the "slicks." He knows the business inside and out. . . . The decoration on page 22 is from Helen West Heller's *Migratory Urge*, a xylographic volume of poems, the text and illustrations of which are cut in intaglio. . . . Valentine Ackland is an Englishwoman whose verse we have published before. . . . Richard Wright is a young Negro author and poet.

Flashbacks

BEGUN: Revolt of Virginia slaves against their white owners. led by Negro Nat Turner, August 22, 1831; revolt of Haitian slaves led by Negro Toussaint L'Ouverture against their French owners, August 22, 1791; first convention of the world's first proletarian party, the Philadelphia Working Men's Party, August 25, 1828; publication of the first volume of Marx's *Capital*, August 25, 1867.

Ended: by three bullets, the life of Fannie Sellins, Gold Star mother, grandmother, and organizer for the United Mine Workers who was murdered August 25, 1919, at Brackenridge, Pa., by mine guards who yelled, "Get that goddamn whore!"; in the electric chair, the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti, August 23, 1927.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXIV, NO. 9

August 24, 1937

Black of Alabama *by Wallace Moore* 3
Planting the Seeds of Fascism *by Marion Hammett* . . . 5
1937 *A Poem by Valentine Ackland* 6
Editorial Comment 9
Holy Roman Sabotage *by Robert Forsythe* 13
General Franco Conducts a Mass *A Poem by Jane Wilson* . 14
A Century of Writers' Progress *by Bob Stuart* 15
The Cinema of Joris Ivens *by Archibald MacLeish* . . . 18
Silt *by Richard Wright* 19
Tattooed Ladies, Plus *by Charles E. Dexter* 21
Readers' Forum 22

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Lion Feuchtwanger on the Soviet Union *by Joseph Freeman* 23
American "Dependence" *by Theodore Draper* 24
The Back Room *by Edwin Berry Burgum* 25
An Editor Confesses *by Philip Sahren* 26
Recently Recommended Books 27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Screen *by Peter Ellis* 28
Gershwin's Music *by R. D. Darrell* 28
Forthcoming Broadcasts 31
Recently Recommended Movies and Phonograph Recordings 31

Art work by Snow (cover), William Sanderson, John Heliker, Ben Yomen, Pablo Picasso, Jean Cocteau, A. Ajay, Joe Bartlett, J. Markow, Herb Kruckman, Gardner Rea, Ogramge, Tromka, A. Sopher, Helen West Heller, Theodore Scheel, Martin, J. C. Rogers, Milt Groth, George Zaetz.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City.
Copyright, 1937, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission.
Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 9, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
AUGUST 24, 1937

William Sanderson

Black of Alabama

Roosevelt's Supreme Court choice seems to be something of a paradox

By Wallace Moore

WASHINGTON.

"MY, but a lot of Democrats are going to be sore," my secretary, a politically naïve girl from South Carolina, remarked when she learned that President Roosevelt had nominated Senator Hugo Lafayette Black (Dem., Ala.) to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Court.

Whether she thought Black was a Republican, I don't know, but certainly she summed up the situation. During this entire seventy-fifth session of Congress the southern bourbons have ridden the administration like the old man of the sea. Their voices have cried "Halt" every time the President and the people said "Advance." They have stormed and shouted and stomped and, to a very large degree, gotten their way every time a piece of progressive legislation was proposed.

The South has been in the saddle, and it has ridden ruthlessly, killing the Supreme Court bill, emasculating and possibly killing the wages and hours bill, turning the housing bill into a piece of sectional politics, beating down an attempt to better the lot of tenant farmers and sharecroppers, filibustering the anti-lynching bill, and, in general, practicing a brand of democracy that had the Liberty Leaguers and the Republican Party beside itself with joy.

The President endured the southern bloc. There was nothing else he could do. Harrison of Mississippi, Bailey of North Carolina, Smith of South Carolina, Russell of Georgia, Glass of Virginia, all had the power to stamp success or failure on any one of the President's projects because they held enough important committee posts to defeat almost any measure they chose.

Representing as they do land owners and industry, this southern bloc exercised the greatest possible drag on any progressive program. The only hope for the profiteers for whom they speak is a return to the ante-bellum south of "Ole Marse George," mint juleps, porticoed mansions, cheap labor, and fifteen-cent cotton. Striving for this return to the past they fought bitterly against high wages for labor, against the unionization of workers, against a break-up of the plantation system, against an enlightened program of social planning.

From these southerners the President took it on the chin. Joe Robinson, while he was alive, was able to soften the blow somewhat, for Joe was, after all, one of the southern gang himself. Trained in the school of politics that has a peculiar code of ethics, he was able to instill some sense of party unity and loyalty into those who found liberalism a bitter pill to swallow. Joe's technique was to say, "I don't like it any better than you do, but it's better to be in than out."

The death of Robinson enabled the President to deal his first return blow at the southern group. Here two factors were dominant. In the first place, the southern gang seized on Robinson's death to rebel, affording the excuse. In the second place, the necessity of appointing Robinson to the Supreme Court, the only thing that kept Joe regular, was removed, thereby affording the method.

Hugo Black of Alabama rarely played along with the southern gang. One of the most surprising things about him is that he has voted, acted, and talked liberal though he comes from a state that tolerates the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., Gadsden, and the Scottsboro case. His voting record, since 1926 when he came to the Senate, has been consistently progressive, and on the few occasions he spoke it was on the liberal side.

In 1930, for instance, when Herbert Hoover nominated John J. Parker to the Court, Black put into the record a quotation from the infamous Hitchman injunction, granted by Parker, which forbade the United Mine Workers to send aid to persons in company-owned houses. "Of course," Black remarked at the time, "it was a manifest effort to starve the miners into leaving the (company) houses." This, coming from a man representing a boss-ridden state in which powerful corporations offer a bounty for the hide of union organizers, took a degree of independence and political courage.

Black's first real entry into the public spotlight, with fanfares and trumpets, came during the Senate investigation of ocean and air mail contracts. The slight, baldish senator, with his broad drawl and lazy manner, had a most disconcerting way of asking the most inappropriate questions. Before the investigation was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over, Black had dragged to light enough of the scandalous facts concerning mail contracts to force a revision of the entire system of government subsidies.

The ocean and air mail contracts investigation revealed an unsuspected quality in Black. For months before the hearings opened, Black pored over numerous investigations previously conducted by the Senate. He studied the technique, the tricks of the quarry, the methods of gathering material, essential to the conduct of a searching probe. As a result, when the inquiry began, he was well armed with advance knowledge.

In the 1932-33 session, Black and Connery (Dem., Mass.) introduced Black's bill for a thirty-hour week. It was designed to spread employment and purchasing power. Makeshift though it was, in terms of counteracting basic causes, it would have helped enormously in those times. The bill kicked around the legislative corridors gathering dust, but at the same time building a name for Hugo Black in labor circles. The American Federation of Labor endorsed the bill but was more concerned with keeping militant elements in its own ranks under blankets.

The Black-Connery thirty-hour week bill was twice passed by the Senate but failed each time in the House. The last time it was sidetracked by the Roosevelt administration in favor of the more drastic provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act and, following the death of the N.R.A., was pigeon-holed in favor of the pending wages and hours bill.

In 1936 the name of Black again popped up in congressional headlines, this time in connection with an investigation of the incredible lobby conducted by the utilities against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, which dealt with holding company structures and contained, among other things, the famous "death sentence" outlawing holding companies. For the utilities, with their complicated and gigantic structures, the bill was an unpleasant matter indeed.

The lobby investigation, headed by Black, is one of the weapons which the Republicans and the southern Democrats attempted to use in an effort to block Black's confirmation. The important part of the investigation's history dealt with William Randolph Hearst and Silas H. Strawn, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

In the course of the inquiry, Black came across an expense account of the Liberty League, which included a sum of money sent to Strawn's firm, Winston, Strawn, & Shaw. The money, allegedly, was in payment for the firm's expenditures in sending telegrams to Washington. Black thought it proper to inquire into the nature of the telegrams. Knowing that records which are useful to an investigating committee have a phenomenal biological propensity for growing legs and walking into furnaces and other destructive places, Black slapped a subpœna on Western Union requesting the Strawn firm's wires.

Marion Davies's "Popsey"—the sage of San Simeon—as well as the Liberty League and the Republican Party reared back on their hind legs and let out a howl. They claimed violation of all twenty-one amendments to the Constitution, as well as of the sacred document itself. They lamented loudly the invasion of privacy. A temporary injunction against the committee was secured. This was later thrown out, and because of the approaching presidential campaign, the administration let the matter drop.

One of the reasons Hearst became violently excited was that the Black committee dug up evidence indicating a close alliance between the Hearst papers and the utilities fighting the measure, which sometimes even furnished the editorials for the Hearst papers.

The lobby investigation, as well as the ocean and air mail contracts probe, put upon Hugo Black the mantle of the Senate's chief investigator and furnished an indication of his knowledge of law. True, the law displayed was the police-court brand and not the rarified constitutional law of the Supreme Court, but it was seen that Black possessed a knack of getting into the matter before him and pulling up the roots.

Throughout he displayed a tolerance and liberality that sought the who, why, when, and where rather than a disposition to accept platitudes and unproved assumptions. In each case, however, tolerance and liberality stopped short of the true essence of the matter, in class terms. Black believed that people should be good and help those less fortunate, while people who are bad should be punished.

In the fight against the confirmation of Black conducted by the outraged southerners who feel, and rightly, that they have been kicked in the teeth, there is an element of frustration which is immensely pleasing to one who has watched the southern gang at work. Black is a southerner himself and the gang can't very well object to having the Supreme Court vacancy filled by someone from their section of the country. They cannot contest his nomination on the grounds of his ideas because a justice's ideas are not a fit subject for Senate consideration. That was decided when they killed the administration bill for reforming the Supreme Court. Therefore, while stalling for time to gather opposition strength, the gang contends that a fillable vacancy does not exist because Van Devanter retired instead of resigning. They also say Black voted for the act which made it possible for Van Devanter to retire, thereby making himself ineligible for the post, under section 6 of the Constitution which forbids congressmen to accept offices created during their term of office.

The speciousness of the argument is disclosed by the retirement act itself which reads, "Justices of the Supreme Court are hereby granted the same rights and privileges with regard to retiring, instead of resigning, granted to judges other than justices of the Supreme Court . . . and the President shall be authorized to appoint a successor to any such justice of the Supreme Court so retiring from regular active service on the bench."

A whisper has been started, by Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York that Black is a Ku Klux Klan member and that he was elected in 1926 because of Klan support. The truth probably is that Black, like all ambitious politicians, accepted support wherever it was offered. That the whisper should have been started by his opposition is pretty good evidence that he is no longer on good terms with the sheet and pillowcase mob for, if he were a loyal member of the Klan, his connections with it would never be mentioned.

It's an old Klan trick to threaten disclosure of a member when he strays out of line, as Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota can testify, It is a matter of record, however, that the official ballot on which Black was elected was headed "White Supremacy." It is also a matter of record that one of his closest allies and henchmen is a Catholic.

It is impossible to be a senator from Alabama without being either a reactionary or a paradox. Hugo Black is something of a paradox. Consistently liberal in Washington, he has carefully tended his political fences in the state of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., Gadsden, and the Scottsboro case. His congressional record contains two blemishes: silent opposition to the anti-lynching bill and advocacy of the "forty acres and a mule" solution for farm tenancy and sharecropping, instead of the coöperative venture. The credit side of his Washington record includes support of all progressive social legislation, Supreme Court reform, T.V.A., and all New Deal measures.

It is in this progressive record that the real significance of his appointment lies. The shrewd statesmen in the White House, no less than my naïve secretary, knew perfectly well that the Black appointment would make a lot of Democrats sore. Indeed, the appointment is the President's direct challenge to reaction, a direct slap at the southern bourbons. It has served further to clarify the new political alignments, progressive vs. tory, which now transcend old party labels. One has only to note the response of various key individuals to grasp the meaning of the Black appointment. The President's choice of a progressive for the Supreme Court vacancy has been lauded by labor leaders like John L. Lewis and William Green, by progressives like Senator LaFollette; it has been attacked by tories like Burton K. Wheeler, Hamilton Fish, and Representative Cox, Klan Democrat of Georgia, who called the appointment "the worst insult that has yet been given the nation."

Equally significant is the following statement in the financial section of the New York *Times* of August 13:

> It is extremely doubtful if the news that Senator Black of Alabama has been chosen by President Roosevelt for the Supreme Court was of any influence marketwise. It had been assumed all along that the President's choice would necessarily be a "liberal." Just now the followers of the stock market are setting far greater store by the possibility that Congress will lean toward conservatism than by the prospect that the Supreme Court is the only bulwark left against "radical" legislation.

Obviously, the Black appointment is the latest round in the protracted struggle between the progressive and liberal Democrats on the one hand and the reactionary Democrats backed by the Republicans on the other.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Planting the Seeds of Fascism

Big business's assiduous cultivation of the vigilante movement has a significance which goes beyond simple anti-strike action

By Marion Hammett

THE votes were counted last November and Roosevelt was reëlected by a great majority. However, the Liberty League and other monied reactionary groups never gave up the fight. The old political battle is being carried on behind a new smoke screen called "law and order." It is with the idea of fighting the Roosevelt administration and any liberal plan which he may propose, that they have fostered large numbers of vigilante groups throughout the country. For this reason, it would be well to examine the vigilante movement in America, lest the strength and numbers of these groups be not fully recognized. Unless pressure is brought to bear by all progressives and vigilanteism is stopped, it will become the forerunner of fascism in the United States.

Liberals who insist that a class struggle is impossible in this country because of our large middle-class population will be interested to know that most of the rank-and-file members of the vigilante groups are small business and professional men. The danger of fascism in the United States lies in the very fact that these people are being turned against labor. The monied interests are engineering this "quarrel," while the middle class—too blind to recognize the danger—arms itself in the name of patriotism.

Although all of these vigilante groups deny vehemently that they are strike-breaking units, their actions belie this. Interviewing the heads of these organizations, one listens to fervent speeches about upholding law and order, patriotism, fighting communism, and protecting the constitutional rights of the citizens. These men usually add that they believe in unions and are not strike-breaking organizations; but they immediately follow these statements with a tirade against the C.I.O. These leaders also add that their members are doing everything possible to induce local legislators and their congressmen to pass laws which will prevent workmen in the United States from becoming "slaves to organization."

Although E. T. Weir, chairman of the board of National Steel and head of the Weirton Steel Co., denies that he has aided the Johnstown Citizens' Committee financially, certain facts disprove this. Clinton S. Golden, Pittsburgh regional director of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, says he has proof that Mr. Weir guaranteed the first $50,000 which the Citizens' Committee used for their advertisements. It is interesting also to note that the first advertisement appeared in newspapers throughout the country the day following the arrival in Johnstown of a representative of Ketcham & McLeod. Ketcham & McLeod is the advertising agency which handles the Weirton Steel account. It is well known that the Citizens' Committee began organizing after conferences were held in Pittsburgh between business leaders of that district and some of the country's most powerful industrialists.

Following the appearance of full-page advertisements in the newspapers of other cities affected by the strike, the Citizens' Committee was further encouraged by the constant strike- and law-breaking tactics of Mayor Daniel J. Shields. The efforts of this labor-hating ex-convict in Johnstown in driving out the leaders of the C.I.O. and sending C.I.O. organizers to jail were so successful that industrialists in other cities where the C.I.O. was active took up the cry. The Citizens' Committee of Johnstown financed by E. T. Weir, and supervised by Francis C. Martin, vice-president of a local bank, urged similar groups in other cities to join them in a nation-wide organization to fight the C.I.O. The advertisements prated about "fighting not only for themselves but for American principles which are vital to every American citizen." And amongst these American principles is supposedly "the right to work." Strangely enough, these men who are so virtuously protecting the rights of "loyal" workers to their jobs are the very men who protested—and are still protesting—the government's recognition of this very principle in establishing the Works Progress Administration.

THESE vigilante organizations keep strange company indeed. It is because of fascist tendencies that their doctrines and by-laws appeal to such organizations as Friends of New Germany, the Young Nationalists, Youth of America, and the notorious Knights of Dearborn. The last-named organization, an offshoot of the disbanded Black Legion and pet of the Ford Motor Co., has as its president Sam Taylor, a foreman in the Ford plant. The aims of the organization are "to combat communism" and "to foster true patriotism." It would be well to note where these lofty principles have led their president. Sam Taylor is now under a grand jury indictment as one of the men who broke the back of William Merriweather and brutally beat several other U.A.W. members. The fact that C. A. Brooks, chief of police of Dearborn, is a charter member of the Knights explains why newspapermen and union members were searched by Ford "service" men in a Dearborn police station with the full permission of the police officer in charge.

Vigilante groups in Michigan have even invited Gerald Smith—the loud-mouthed, Red-baiting, Jew-baiting follower of Huey Long—to address them. The Ford company encourages all of these outfits in their fight against unionization. The Ford Brotherhood of

John Heliker

"I suppose the N.L.R.B. would be surprised to know that it has turned a couple of law-abiding Republicans like us into anarchists."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America—a company union which "protects" its members against strikes and also promises to aid them in buying Ford cars—has been encouraged to give out their leaflets on Ford property. The Friends of New Germany have also been known to hand out Silver Shirt propaganda to Ford workers without any interference from the company. All this is done in the name of patriotism and a promise to protect the workers' jobs as well as combating communism. Since the Ford company approves of their methods, these groups feel confident in making these high-handed promises.

The talk of "patriotism" appealed to the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It is known that the V.F.W. and the Friends of the New Germany held joint meetings shortly after the U.A.W. made a drive to unionize Ford men. It is certainly a strange combination of forces which vigilanteism has brought about—American veterans and the worshipers of Adolf Hitler. But the Ford company encouraged them all, for it was apparent that their aims and purposes were the same: to stop any labor organization and to break up strikes.

So far Ford has been successful in fighting unionization of his employees. The company has not hesitated to use any method, no matter how foul or brutal. The company employs hundreds of thugs and gangsters with criminal records to beat up union organizers. These service men, as they are called, stop just short of murder. The employees of the Ford company have been so terrorized both during working hours and after the day's work, that U.A.W. organizers have not yet been as successful as in other plants.

To gain the help of some "workers" in the factory, Ford has contrived to get veterans' organizations as well as the Friends of New Germany into his debt. By giving them preference when he is "hiring," he now has quite a large number of "loyal employees." Together with the Knights of Dearborn, these organizations are willing and ready to fight for Ford in case of a strike.

Although Ford officials deny that the veterans' organizations were asked if they would bear arms to fight unionization of the Ford employees, it is not unlikely that they would do so. Harry Bennett, smooth and dapper Ford personnel head who looks like a Broadway hoofer, admitted that it was the American Legion of Detroit and Dearborn that had suggested the phony loyalty pledge which was passed around among the employees of Ford. Bennett says that there are over thirty thousand men who would fight to "protect the plant."

When the ambitious Daniel A. Knaggs, mayor of Monroe, wanted to pander to the desires of the executives of Newton Steel—a subsidiary of Mr. Girdler's Republic Steel—he called on the American Legion. He armed the volunteer legionnaires who flocked to Monroe from a number of surrounding towns. On June 10, when Mayor Knaggs broke the steel strike with the aid of the American Legion, one of the leaders of the attack on the strikers was an employee of the American Munitions Co. of Chicago. This Mr. H. A. Alexander who led the assault on men and women of the picket line is known to have taken an active part in other such forays. The munition company evidently feels that by sending a representative to supervise personally the routing of picket lines, a good many guns and much ammunition and tear gas will be used.

Clothed in "patriotism" and armed with tear gas and guns, there were also many "loyal workers" of the Newton Steel Co. who knew that they would be paid by the city for fighting the strikers as well as receiving time and a half from the company. After the strike had been broken, members of the American Legion were so overjoyed with their success that Howard Davenport, former post commander, began to talk of a permanent organization which he would arm in order to combat labor unionization and strikes. The other legionnaires assured Mayor Knaggs that they could be called on at any time if a strike occurred in the town. Among the leaders of the Legion who offered their services were Karl Goetz, president of the Monroe Finance Co., and Harry J. Seitz, a member of the Detroit Stock Exchange and a dealer in bonds, stocks, and mortgages in Monroe.

In Lansing, Mich., Dwight W. Rich, principal of a high school, says he has about two hundred thousand citizens from the surrounding territory who are sympathetic to his Law and Order League. There is reason to question this figure, but there is no doubt that he has several hundred men who are ready to be armed and are willing to join the thugs hired by the industrialists in order to shoot strikers down. Mr. Rich is organizing his armed group in the name of "law and order." He too, disclaims any strike-breaking intent; but talks about "specially trained men who will be ready at a moment's notice to step in and help law-enforcing agencies."

In Flint, more than five hundred business and professional men have formed their own vigilante group. Most of the members here are legionnaires, and they are in charge of Raymond C. French, who has also been a Legion commander. The rest of the members are successful business men of the city who are still smarting over the U.A.W. victory last winter. They want to make certain that any possible strike will be either prevented or broken by them, for they do not hide the fact that they are willing to be armed in order to break up "any trouble."

A Michigan congressman is a staunch supporter of these vigilante groups. Clare Hoffman, who is known to be a friend of the industrialists and monied groups, in a long and very significant speech against the C.I.O., offered his services to Mayor Knaggs of Monroe. He promised to "bring a group of peaceably inclined but well-armed and well-equipped citizens to aid you in defense of your city." Hoffman wired his secretary to round up citizens who were willing to arm and go to Monroe to break the strike. To his son he wired instructions to buy or acquire the necessary guns and ammunition. He shouted insults at Secretary Perkins, Governor Murphy, and John L. Lewis. It was not long before other tories in Congress, such as Cox of Georgia, took up the cry against the C.I.O., and threatened anyone who made an attempt to organize workers in their states. Representative Rankin, Mississippi Red-baiter, goes further and freely predicts that the N.L.R.B. will give rise to another Civil War.

Speeches of this sort were also made by men who professed to be the friends of labor. Thomas A. Lenehan, secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor, spoke on June 30

1937

I

"I crack like a machine-gun,
I'm so rheumatic!"

Up to the last moment fashionable!
The wind in dead trees.
the noisy falling
of dried boughs and the rushing
of small rivers—all these,
even to crack of bones, noises in the ears—
machine-guns!

Up to the last, the last moment;
how new, how new this age-old threat of death
sounding in ears made heavy, in bones
sick-weary, old. The muttering threat of death.

Good! Let them have it.
"Ask, and ye shall receive,
knock, and it shall be opened."
They have asked.
They have knocked,
They have knocked.
It opens shortly now.

II

In your flesh and my flesh together met
where's the antithesis? Where do we get
cross-movement here? Immeasurably dear,
sweet as the bite of fruit, is here
vehemence of force destined to heave
the round world out of time! Believe
my bothering brain, then; newly learning
to think in terms of force, and turning
smooth on its job as a grease-axled wheel:
see wedded flesh transformed to welded steel.

VALENTINE ACKLAND.

★ ★ ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to several hundred Knights of Columbus from Cleveland and other Ohio cities. After telling the audience that he was a friend of labor, he began to attack the C.I.O., John Lewis, Secretary Perkins, and President Roosevelt. He accused these three of encouraging communism and the C.I.O. His speech was cheered loudly by the Knights of Columbus members.

In Ohio, while the steel strike was in full force and the plants were still closed, the vigilante groups were beginning to form. However, they did not flourish there to any extent. It was because Governor Davey himself, via the National Guard, did a thorough job of strike-breaking. But though Ohio vigilantes were quiet during the strike itself, they rushed to join the law-breaking, Red-baiting, and anti-Semitic group which met in Johnstown, Pa., on July 15.

At this conclave, representatives of the many vigilante organizations over the country threw pretense to the winds. They were almost frank about their real aims. One or two proposed to defy the government. The New Deal came in for treasonable abuse. Governor Earle was referred to as a nincompoop who collected about him a group of Communists who were ready to disregard the Constitution of the United States. Reverend Reginald Noogle, a minister from Philadelphia, spoke of J. Warren Madden, chairman of the N.L.R.B., as "that nigger Madden." The speeches became so openly anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, and labor-hating that some of the members present objected. George Fay, representing the American Legion of Altoona, Pa., and George Foss, president of the state chamber of commerce in Harrisburg, as well as a few others, shouted their disapproval of such strong language, but they were overruled.

Mayor Daniel J. Shields of Johnstown, for once, was comparatively silent. He said his attorneys had suggested that he keep quiet. Evidently they realized that this labor-baiting mayor had done a bit too much talking in view of his shady past dealings with bootleggers and thugs. He had become a good deal of a joke to the newspapermen. However, Professor Gustavus W. Dyer of Vanderbilt University seriously suggested Mayor Shields as a candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. This would appear laughable were it not for the fact that the vigilante movement throughout the country is filled with political implications. A number of vigilante groups in Michigan are calling loudly for Mayor Knaggs as candidate for governor of Michigan in the next election.

Hershey, Pa., which had already seen a riot started by vigilantes when the employees of the Hershey Chocolate Co. attempted to organize, was once more the setting for vigilanteism. Three hundred representatives of company unions met in this town to form a nation-wide organization to fight both A. F. of L. and C.I.O. unions. As the leading speaker, they had the loud-voiced Clare E. Hoffman—the same congressman who had wired Mayor Knaggs of Monroe that he would send armed men to fight the steel strikers. Hoffman attacked not only the National Labor Relations Board, John L. Lewis, and Governor Murphy, but hit at LaFollette and the Civil Liberties Committee.

The fascist tendencies of these groups will be obvious to any progressive who examines their literature and speeches. Unfortunately, however, much middle-class opinion is formed without any study or analysis of the motives behind these organizations. Average Americans, misled by catch phrases like the "right to work," are drawn into this sinister trap. The end-product was shown in all its glory at a recent opening of a German-American Bund Camp in Andover, N. J. Although the leaders and their many thousands of followers denied to the press that they were anything but good citizens and that this was an American movement, the scene was not reassuring. Photographs of the celebration showed the building covered with swastikas. The parade was led by a man carrying an American flag and another carrying the flag of the German Reich. The men wore uniforms with swastikas on their arm-bands. As a Nazi flag was held aloft, arms were raised in salute, and many "Heil Hitlers" rang out. An Italian leader, addressing the crowd as "my Nazi friends," praised Mussolini and Hitler.

There are twenty-one of these organizations in the East. These devotees of Hitler's philosophy all shout their disapproval of the Wagner act. Their speeches on this particular occasion were like other speeches held at these Nazi gatherings and, strangely enough, they were essentially like the speeches at the Johnstown and other vigilante meetings. There was an attack on communism—and to these people everybody who is in sympathy with the labor movement is a Communist. These swastika-covered "Americans" shouted they were upholding the Constitution of the United States. This was followed by an attack on Frances Perkins, Governor Earle, Senator Wagner, and President Roosevelt. On this occasion, the leaders of the German-American Bund assured the press that they would be glad to offer their services to uphold "law and order" and would willingly carry arms to break up any attempt at unionization. They spoke of the C.I.O. as "Communist" and in that, too, they were like their brothers, the vigilantes.

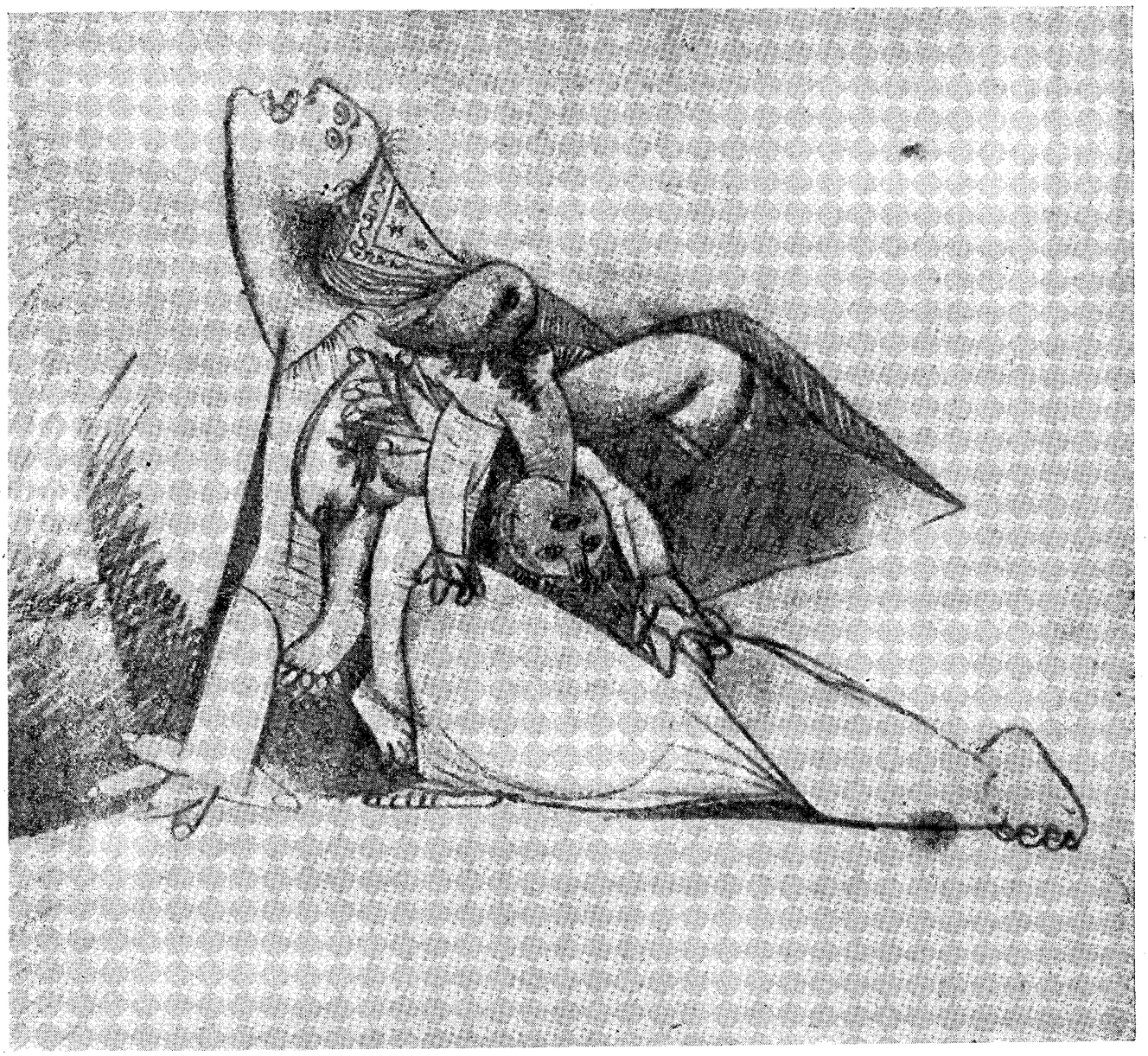
Ben Yomen

"And tell Him to make it rain tomorrow. Maybe that will stop them from picketing."

But just now the greatest danger of vigilante movements is not their anti-union bias. It is their political orientation. From the back-to-work women in Youngstown who longed for Hoover because he would not have allowed the C.I.O. to grow, to the convention in Johnstown with its proposal that Mayor Shields be made a candidate for governor, these groups aim at applying political pressure. Back of the vigilante movement are the same members of the Liberty League and other reactionaries who fought Roosevelt in the election of last November. They are pulling the strings, and the Mayor Shieldses and Knaggses and others of their ilk are only puppets who follow the will of their masters.

By hiding behind the cloak of "patriotism" and "law and order," the economic royalists hope to persuade middle-class people to aid them in regaining what they lost in November. By building up hatred for Roosevelt and labor, they hope to influence Congress against all plans which have any decent social aspect. The election is over, Roosevelt is in the White House; but the industrialists have not given up the fight. It remains for progressives to carry the battle farther into the enemy's camp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pablo Picasso

Jean Cocteau

Cocteau and Picasso

PABLO PICASSO has been long recognized as one of the greatest of western European artists. His Parisian contemporary, Jean Cocteau, is hardly of the same stature, but has earned a considerable reputation as a gifted experimenter in various imaginative fields, from the novel to the ballet. Thanks to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, we are able to reproduce these drawings for the first time in America. Picasso and Cocteau have both joined the People's Front; they hate fascism as the chief menace to contemporary culture. Both drawings are dedicated to the women and children of Spain, mercilessly bombed by the planes of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco. The modernists claim that Picasso is breaking new ground in the art of painting, discovering new ways of seeing a world transformed by science and machines, creating new symbols for conveying twentieth-century concepts. It is highly significant that minds in the vanguard of culture should take their stand boldly in the ranks of those who fight to stem the fascist tide. It is equally significant that "pure" artists like Picasso and Cocteau are not afraid of "propaganda." Speaking for the women and children of Spain does not prevent them from pursuing in that very act new forms of graphic art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editor JOSEPH FREEMAN
Managing Editor ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Associate Editors
THEODORE DRAPER CROCKETT JOHNSON

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, LOREN MILLER, BRUCE MINTON, WALTER RALSTON, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER

★

Political Poke

THE scrap in Scribner's office last week between Ernest Hemingway and Max Eastman may, of course, have been entirely due to an old literary quarrel, but we doubt it. When Eastman broke his pledge to Max Perkins of Scribner's, not to give the story to the press, he handed himself the best of the fight on all counts; he was the injured and insulted, and the victor as well. When Hemingway told his version, it turned out that only one blow was struck, and that was actually a slap, in which a copy of Eastman's book was brought into contact with Eastman's face, and part of the Eastman profile imprinted on the page.

One important detail was omitted. The row itself was preceded by a verbal skirmish over Spain. Hemingway recently returned to this country from the battlefields and raised thousands of dollars for the republican cause. Max Eastman is a partisan of the Trotskyist group which staged the counter-revolutionary uprising in Barcelona. Between them, on the Scribner editor's table, lay Eastman's book, in which, with the venomous jealousy for which he is known, he had accused a greater writer of posing as a he-man, and had sneered at the "false hair" on Hemingway's chest. Hemingway was preparing to sail again for Spain. Eastman was preparing for a week-end at Martha's Vineyard. Viewing the two writers in this light, as they stood face to face, Hemingway's action in dashing Eastman's book in his face appears something more than a bit of roughhouse. To a certain extent it comes within the category of political criticism.

Mass in Madrid

IN the same week, Italian submarines sank the Spanish tanker *Compeador* and the oil tanker *George W. McKnight;* and General Franco advanced on Santander in an effort to capture the iron, coal, and zinc mines that Germany and Italy want. Through it all, the morale of the loyalists continues to be remarkably high and their resistance effective. They are determined not to yield an inch of ground.

Meanwhile, behind the loyalist lines, crops have been the largest in the entire history of the territory which the government holds, and industry, working smoothly, gains momentum from week to week. The government also feels itself strong enough to clarify its religious policy. For the first time since the fascist rebellion broke out last year, practicing Catholics in Madrid have been attending mass. The services are conducted by Father Lobo, who was specially authorized by the government to do so.

Westbrook Pegler, victim of political dyspepsia, may still think of the loyalists as "church-burners and priest-killers." Dispatches from Madrid by correspondents on the spot tell quite a different story. Father Lobo himself relates that, as far back as 1935, fascists came into his church bearing arms. A year later, the police discovered a cache of fascist arms in his church. All this was done with the complicity of the rector and many of the parish priests. Subsequently, when the rebellion broke out, certain of the clergy gave direct military aid to the fascists. This strengthened Spain's traditional anti-clerical feeling, but the feeling was never extended to religion itself.

Leo Gallagher, California lawyer and fighter for civil liberties, himself a Catholic, reports that he has not found a single poster or heard a single utterance against religion in Madrid. The Spanish people distinguish between religion and clericalism, especially political, pro-fascist clericalism. Father Lobo's mass should do much to clear up misconceptions on this point which may still prevail here.

Pirates in Silk

WHILE Congress debated the question of a wages-and-hours bill, workers in silk and rayon mills staged their first walkout on a nation-wide scale. Under the skilful direction of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, the tie-up was more than 90 percent complete. Faced with this demonstration of solidarity, a number of employers have already signed contracts granting wage increases and a basic forty-hour week to thousands of T.W.O.C. members. It is notable, too, that there has been a minimum of disturbance. Paterson, N. J., police officials have called this strike the most peaceful in their experience. In fact, almost the only "disorder" which has occurred took place at Hazelton, Pa., where Charles E. Hallman, president of the newly organized national company union, the "Independent Labor Federation," came over from Hershey, Pa., and attempted to arouse the citizenry against the strike.

Many concerns are sympathetic to the walkout, since one of its chief aims is to end the sweatshop differentials that unscrupulous employers have maintained. "Silk and rayon" is notorious for low wages, this being one of the industries where average hourly rates were *lowered* during the recovery period, April 1935 to April 1936. The Bureau of Labor Statistics found an average decline of 5.4 percent, but individual chiselers slashed hourly rates as much as 37.5 percent!

Thus the Bureau states: "In silk the employer who cut wages gained business from the man who did not. . . . The total volume of employment changed only slightly (4.2 percent gain), but was redistributed." Those firms that cut wages more than the average gained 10.6 percent in man-hours worked, while concerns which maintained wages lost 5.3 percent in volume.

T.W.O.C. heads are well aware of this situation whereby cut-throat concerns actually put an entire industry on the spot and drive already low wages still lower. The present strike is the C.I.O.'s answer to these pirates in silk and rayon. As Sidney Hillman, chairman of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, points out: "Stabilization of the silk industry cannot be achieved without the coöperation of labor. And the silk workers are now on record that there can be only one type of settlement and that is through the collective bargaining of their union, the T.W.O.C., with the mills in the industry."

Rat Hunt

THE Trotskyist bubble, at least the largest one, within the Socialist Party finally has burst. The expulsion of more than fifty Trotskyist leaders and the scheduled expulsion of more than seventy others marks the first decisive step the New York State Socialist Party has taken after more than a year of disintegration to rehabilitate itself both internally and in the eyes of the working class. Elsewhere in the party the Trotskyites still run riot, especially in states where the membership is extremely small. There is a good possibility that the Trotskyites will set up shop under their own trade name once again.

For the second time in three years, the Trotskyites have merged with another group only to strangle it. That is what happened with the American Workers' Party, once headed by the Rev. A. J. Muste, now committed to a program of Christian passivity in social struggles. No sooner had the Trotskyites merged with the Musteites than a fierce internal struggle for power was under way. When the air had cleared, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trotskyites were in full control of the Americans Workers' Party—all others had been ousted or had resigned in disgust.

It may be that the Socialist Party in New York has acted in the nick of time. It is not yet clear, however, how matters stand on a national scale. What is most significant is the nature of the charges upon which the Trotskyites were expelled. They are very like those which forced the Spanish government to take action against the P.O.U.M.

In New York, the Trotskyites were charged with "organizing a movement, conspiratorial and illegal in character, to undermine the Socialist Party and to build a movement outside it." Change the words "Socialist Party" to "Spanish government," and the rest is an exact counterpart of the charges made against the P.O.U.M. The Socialist Party here found that drastic measures had to be undertaken against this internal foe. The Spanish people are engaged in a desperate war against fascism; the Spanish Trotskyites collaborated with fascism. Drastic measures equally befitting the Trotskyist crimes were, consequently, found necessary in Spain.

The New York Socialists will have done but half a job if they remain content with this all-important, but still negative, achievement. The time has come for all good Socialists to go forward to that united front against fascism and war which the working class in this country has awaited all too long.

Stopping Vigilantes

IN connection with Marion Hammett's story in this issue on how big business cultivates the vigilante movement, we call the reader's attention to the anti-vigilante conference held in Flint, Mich., several days ago.

This conference, called jointly by the Michigan Civil Rights Federation and Flint Local 156 of the United Automobile Workers' Union, represented a total of 783,000 persons in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana—all of which have suffered at the hands of vigilante groups. A resolution was adopted, calling for a national conference to combat the growing danger of vigilante gangs inspired by big business to break strikes, smash unions, and nullify civil rights.

Greeted by Vito Marcantonio, president of the International Labor Defense; John Brophy, C.I.O. leader; Richard Frankensteen and Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, Congressman John M. Coffee, and Governor Frank Murphy, the conference has taken the first step in a movement which is urgently needed throughout the country. Wherever labor has sought to maintain its elementary rights, the industrialists have replied with violence. The vigilantes are private armies whose very existence is a crime against the liberties of the American people. Their black trail passes through the lumber area of Michigan's upper peninsula, the steel centers of Chicago, Canton, Massillon, and Youngstown, the Ford industrial empire with its system of violence, terror, and espionage, and the reactionary areas of the south. Nation-wide organization of labor and other progressive forces against vigilanteism is now imperative.

Return from the Soviet

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT recently attended the International Congress of Architects held in the Soviet Union. While there he spoke clearly and to some extent critically of Soviet architecture, addressing the Soviet architects and public directly. As an architect of international standing and vast experience, he could not have been expected to do otherwise.

He explained that "Many of the buildings were infected by the grand mania, many were yearning for luxury of the old pastry-school elegance." He held back no critical punches. Speaking as a creative artist, he was clearly anxious to see a great thing become even greater. And the eagerness with which the people listened to him and weighed his remarks brought him to the correct conclusion that here were people who did not consider themselves attacked when they were being sincerely criticized.

"The amazing honor they heaped upon me," he declared, "showed it is not praise they value most." And in all fairness, Mr. Wright stated wholeheartedly that the architectural exposition with its plans and models for buildings, towns, and cities "stands far above the level of anything America can show." Furthermore he told American reporters upon his return, "Can any man with a heart and a head see the liberation of a whole people, actually working out a new life, without rejoicing with them?"

Constitution Day

ONE of the oldest of tory tricks is to mask reactionary purposes with progressive labels. Hitler named his fascist gang the National Socialist Labor Party, and the Hearst-Liberty League crowd dubbed itself "liberal." Similarly, America's tories have tried to block progressive action by appealing to the Constitution.

But the Constitution does not belong to J. P. Morgan, Al Smith, or Tom Girdler. The truth is rather contained in the slogan just issued by the Communist Party in connection with the nationwide celebration of Constitution Day on September 17.

"Restore the Constitution to the people, to whom it belongs!" a statement issued this week by the Communist Party declares. It then goes on to explain that its participation in celebrating this great historic event is an essential part of its struggle for all that is progressive. The party wishes not only to maintain but to extend democratic rights, especially those guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, and the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments. In celebrating the birth of the Constitution, the party looks not only at the past, but also at the present and the future. "The fight that our colonial forefathers made against tyranny at home and abroad," its statement says, "must be carried on to defeat modern reaction, tyranny, and exploitation."

The Communist Party, which will soon celebrate its own eighteenth birthday, is mobilizing all its organizations for the celebration of the 150th birthday of the Constitution. It will combine this with the celebration of the birthday of Tom Paine, who contributed so much to the making of the Constitution and the birth of the American nation.

Page Dr. Pitkin

OLD-AGE benefits, which share the social-security limelight with unemployment insurance, are based upon money earned by persons up to the age of sixty-five —with the further qualification that only earnings since January 1, 1937, will be used in computing the monthly payments. Since the amount of these benefits is dependent on the total eligible income, i. e., wages or salary received after January 1, 1937, it is obvious that workers now in middle life will "retire" on much smaller stipends than those who are younger. Assuming, of course, that both age groups remain employed until they reach sixty-five.

However, middle-aged workers today find it increasingly difficult to meet this last condition. Recently rumors and reports of discrimination against older workers have been given distressing confirmation by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In a careful study of conditions in Massachusetts, the Bureau found ample evidence that men and women over forty-five do not have anything like the opportunities to secure employment that younger applicants enjoy.

Approximately 36.5 percent of employable men and 20 percent of the women in Massachusetts are forty-five years and above. Yet data covering more than 600,000 cases reveal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a shocking prejudice against hiring these "oldsters." The Bureau states:

> When, as during the recovery from the depression, many older workers must establish new connections, there is a rapidly increasing difficulty in finding openings. . . . Thus, the percentage of hiring for men dropped from 25.5 for those twenty-four to twenty-nine years old to 10.1 in the age group thirty-five to thirty-nine. The difference for women is even greater—31.7 to 8.1 in this ten-year interval. After the age of forty-five is passed, only those who have acquired special skill not easily developed by younger rivals can hope for employment. Thus, only 5 percent of the hirings of women and 15 percent of those of men took place in these (forty-five and over) age groups.

Although there were wide variations between individual branches of industry, the prejudice was general and extended to both manufacturing and business enterprises. In the former, for instance, during the twenty-two-month period of expansion from January 1, 1934, to October 31, 1935, only 15.4 of the men hired were forty-five years or over. And the Bureau finds it evident that "public support for a large number of wage-earners will be required long before the age of sixty-five is reached, when the necessaries of life will be provided by the social security legislation."

When it is remembered that old-age benefits under the Social Security Act provide monthly incomes of only $34 for persons who earn $25 *every week* for twenty years, it is clear that the "necessaries" will have to be few and far between. Half a loaf *is* better than none, but workers in middle life who imagine that security is just around the corner are due for a rude awakening.

No More Pink Slips

TORY die-hards and less virulent reactionaries are now at work to block all progressive legislation and adjourn Congress. The Schwellenbach-Allen resolution is in serious danger of being shelved along with the wages and hours bill. Whatever excuses may be offered for postponing "40-40," there is no justification for Congress's failure to save the jobs of nearly three-quarters of a million W.P.A. workers. Unless the Schwellenbach-Allen bill is passed at this session, these men and women and their dependents will be forced to apply for local relief, which many hard-pressed communities cannot furnish.

Ranking in importance with the human tragedy involved in 727,000 pink slips is the economic loss that will result from the curtailment or discontinuance of W.P.A. projects. A recent review of W.P.A. expenditures in New York City reveals an enormous and comprehensive list of useful undertakings carried out by the Works Progress Administration. These range from the construction of elaborate parkways, laboratories, schools, and other public improvements, to vocational training and the reduction of illiteracy—more than half a million adults have availed themselves of these W.P.A.-created opportunities. Tens of thousands of children now swim in pools built by W. P. A. Half a million youngsters have visited the dental clinics. The list may be extended indefinitely. These projects have made New York a better, safer, healthier place to live in.

On August 23, a National Job March, sponsored by the Workers' Alliance, will converge on Washington to urge passage of the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution. A number of mayors and the governors of several states are backing the bill. Organized labor, the Citizens' Committee for the Support of W.P.A.—in fact socially minded people everywhere—are uniting to urge that Congress act favorably on this vital piece of legislation. Whether judged by the yardstick of human values or that of goods and services produced, this investment in W.P.A. is thoroughly sound.

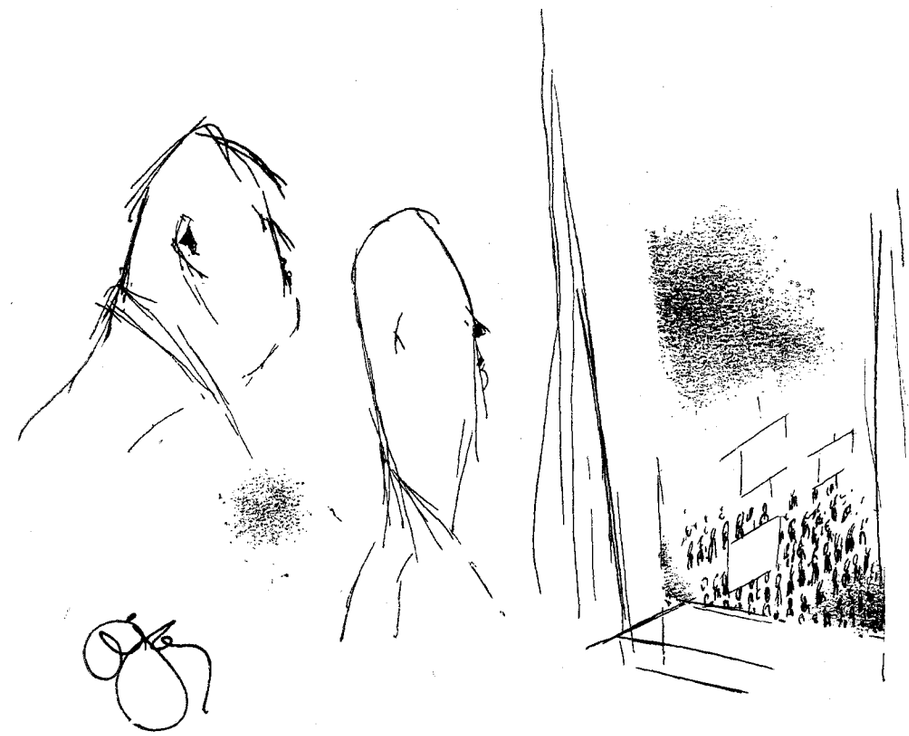
Values

THOMAS MANN, in exile, has begun actively to take part in the struggle against fascism in Germany. He has launched a new magazine, *Mass und Wert,* to be a militant fighter in the recovery of a greater democracy. In an article of the same name, which means "Standards and Values," he says, "We want to be artists and anti-barbarians." It is a passionate voice calling out of Zurich, Switzerland, calling all creators of life—parents, workers, artists, writers—to join the fight against fascism.

Labor and Politics

THE American Labor Party, New York State affiliate of Labor's Non-Partisan League, has given Mayor LaGuardia endorsement by nominating him as a candidate for reëlection. In taking this step, the A.L.P. not only repudiated candidates of the two old parties, but established itself more firmly as a logical instrument for progressive political action. With a vote of 250,000 in the last presidential election, the A.L.P. promises to become a decisive factor in New York City's mayoralty campaign. Moreover, this organization is gaining in scope and influence through its endorsement of candidates for other city offices. A number of candidates for the new City Council have already been selected, as well as nominees for borough president. And the A.L.P. is active in attacking anti-labor and reactionary groups throughout the city.

A forecast of the new political role that labor will play is given by results of the municipal primary elections in Akron and Canton, O., where candidates backed by Labor's Non-Partisan League scored smash-



A. Ajay

"Of course, if they get too radical, we can give them back their W.P.A."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing victories in a big majority of contests. In both cities C.I.O. and A. F. of L. support was combined, and these formerly Republican strongholds seem due for a number of political upsets in the fall. Candidates endorsed by Labor's Non-Partisan League ran on the Democratic ticket and conservatives in the latter party will probably join forces with Republican die-hards in a frankly anti-union campaign. And by the same token, progressives of whatever political persuasion should back labor's selections.

A special significance attaches to Akron as the scene of a new political alignment. Under the caption "Rubber at Peace with Unions," *Business Week* observes: "Akron is from nine months to a year ahead of the national procession in labor recovery. It was in Akron that the Committee for Industrial Organization made its first stand in a big industry, the Goodyear strike. . . . Today all the big rubber companies in Akron are dealing across the table with unions." Naturally *Business Week* does not infer that labor will extend its gains or push into the political field. Perhaps the editor is looking back "nine months to a year." Not the least of the C.I.O.'s accomplishments is the heightened sense of power and solidarity which it has brought to the working class. Judging by the steps already taken, this spirit will be the driving force of a farmer-labor party.

As Thousands Cheered

THAT was a remarkable meeting at the Hippodrome in New York last Thursday night when John Brophy, Harry Bridges, Joe Curran, Mervyn Rathbone, Ben Golden, Heywood Broun, Maury Maverick, and the rest of an all-star cast hailed the birth of a new C.I.O. union, the American Communications Association. This union, which succeeds the American Radio Telegraphists' Association, will bring workers in telephone, telegraph, and radio together. Launching its campaign to enroll all of the 500,000 workers in these fields, the A.C.A. is aiming at two industries that have persistently fought unionization. Postal Telegraph, Western Union, and the Bell System are noted for their anti-union bias. Troubles on this score date back a long way. In 1918 Woodrow Wilson's War Labor Board found that Western Union was firing men and generally interfering with the work of organization. Company unions, too, have been a favorite device in communications.

C.I.O. leaders are fully aware of the difficulties that lie ahead. Indeed, it was pointed out that lay-offs and increased speed up are already being instituted—the former under the guise of extended vacations without pay. As John L. Lewis stated in a message to the gathering, "New devices of all kinds have been introduced to heighten the efficiency of communications. . . . They should have meant increased rewards for the employees whose productivity is thus enhanced. But instead, because of the absence of a strong union which could equalize the rewards of industry, they have made possible the laying off of thousands."

Whatever special efforts may be required of the A.C.A., no one listening to the declarations of its leaders can doubt the outcome—as in other mass-production industries the broad appeal and militancy of the C.I.O. will bring success. Harry Bridges, West Coast regional director of the C.I.O., revealed the true basis of the organization's strength when he said, "The C.I.O. program is the property of the American people, of all those millions who believe in a real American standard of living." The same confident challenge to reaction animated every speaker, from James Carey, president of the United Radio & Electrical Workers' Union (the first union expelled by the A. F. of L.), to Heywood Broun, who led the Newspaper Guild's fight to join the C.I.O., "because it has the most efficient labor leadership in America."

American Policy and the Far East

THE Japanese have at last settled the question of whether the war in the Far East is to be local or national. They have done so by their savage attack on Shanghai. Recalling scenes of 1932 when 12,000 Chinese were butchered, this assault on thousands of non-combatants, some of them foreigners, promises to be but the beginning of a wide-spread plan of destruction. Japanese troops are pouring into Shanghai, and they are evacuating their nationals from the Hongkow district in preparation for further bombardment.

These decisive events in South China, technically unnecessary for the conquest of North China, indicate clearly enough that the valuable resources of the northern provinces are not the sole objective of the Japanese. The fierce conflict which has been raging from the northern part of Manchukuo to the South China Sea appears more and more to be a prelude to a conflict on a world-wide scale. A grave threat to the Soviet Union and to the peace of the world is presented by the Japanese militarists who brazenly scrap international treaties and repudiate international law.

Significantly, the isolationist policy of both Britain and the United States has given Japan *carte blanche* to proceed with its rapacious plans. America's feeble protest against the shelling of Shanghai contained a permissive note of tolerance for Japan's butchery, provided the international settlement would not be hit and foreign citizens would not be killed. Surely, if Secretary Hull recognizes that Americans are being killed in the Far East, he cannot very well ignore the fact that they are being killed in a war.

As we go to press, there are suggestions by administration leaders that President Roosevelt will make a formal declaration on the Sino-Japanese crisis. Unless that statement contains a program of action to stop the Japanese aggressors in their sanguinary trek across China, it will be another evasion of the crucial issues involved. On the other hand, should the United States government take a determined lead in collective action with England, France, and the Soviet Union against Tokyo, it will not only win the respect of the American people, who are unanimous in condemning Japan, but will take a necessary step in preserving world peace.

Representative John T. Bernard, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite, painted the administration's neutrality policy in its true colors when he said: "If our ostrich-like State Department officials have not been convinced of the futility of our sham neutrality policy by the unspeakable murder of thousands by Japanese war mongers, then they must be the most stupid people on earth. I damn the dastardly tactics of the Japanese imperialists and all their breed."

How long will it take the Secretary of State to realize that this is a real war, with real people getting killed and rich economic resources being pirated by the invader? What sort of neutrality is it that gives complete freedom of action to organized plunder and murder?

The Chinese understand very clearly what Japan's intentions are; they have not been caught napping in preparing defense measures. For the first time it is possible to speak of Chinese resistance on a national scale. There can be no question that China will fight to the end and will utilize every bit of man-power to defend any section of their country which may be threatened.

It is this new faith in their own power and the desire to save China as a nation which will prove decisive in withstanding Japan. The Chinese are holding Nankow Pass, the region between the Peiping plain and the plateau of Chahar; the defenders of Chapei, Kiangwan, and Woosung are well-armed and confident. The Chinese are determined that the Japanese shall have neither North nor South China and are enforcing that determination with arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holy Roman Sabotage

The dignitaries of the Vatican seem to be bent on wrecking the influence of the Catholic Church

By Robert Forsythe

AN examination of the foreign policy of the Vatican in the past twenty years leads to the conclusion that Monsignor Pacelli is the international agent in a deep-dyed plot to ruin the church. In no other way is it possible to explain the actions of the good monsignor, who goes from one diplomatic knockout to another, like an English heavyweight craving disaster. Either the famed astuteness of the Vatican is a myth or Monsignor Pacelli and Pope Pius are committing sabotage on a scale hitherto unknown to modern man.

By a series of diplomatic moves which reveal a capacity for stupidity approaching the divine, the church has managed to alienate Mexico and Spain. When such countries, steeped in the Catholic tradition, go against the church, it is an indication that the Vatican has failed in an enterprise in which it had been almost impossible to fail. The moral dereliction of the church in expressing pleasure over the fall of Málaga and remaining mute before the massacre at Guernica has tended to confirm the growing suspicion of the laiety that the wisdom of the prophets has not been handed down.

In defense of Monsignor Pacelli it may be admitted that he is confronted by a problem which does not arise to plague his fellow diplomatists. The capitalist state is a frankly amoral organization dedicated to survival. Murder, larceny, and perjury are patriotic instruments if used to this end. The church is faced by the same problem of self-preservation but is hampered by the need of maintaining its standing as a moral and spiritual force. For this reason the world is treated to the spectacle of the church throwing the mantle of respectability over a fascist assassin like Franco, even when his victims happen to be devoted ewes of the Catholic flock. The effect upon world opinion is obvious. The church is not helped by the knowledge that the very murderers upon which it is depending for immediate benefits will in all likelihood turn and stab the Vatican for its pains.

IN AN ERA of persistent defeats, the church has been grasping at such reeds as Herr Hitler in Germany, quite unmindful of the spiritual defeat contained in an alliance with the blackest reactionary force in Europe. Having used the support of Rome as long as it would profit him, Herr Hitler then proceeded to reward the Vatican with a sharp kick in the teeth. This may only be what a great institution occasionally receives from an ungrateful ally, but by no stretch of reason can it be accounted a diplomatic victory for Monsignor Pacelli.

Joe Bartlett

Cardinal Pacelli

If it were a matter only of material prestige, the Vatican would be no worse off than the British government, which is capable of keeping a dozen diplomatic balls in the air in this fashion, but the moral standing of the church is obviously not blessed by such deviousness. Loud laments against communism have little weight when they come from a source which is faced by the necessity of defending the murderer, Franco, and denouncing the murderer, Hitler, both of whom are joined in a fascist crusade against everything which a decent church should stand for. The result is that Monsignor Pacelli has been forced to the distasteful endeavor of making overtures to the popular front in France, as an antidote to his failure in the Third Reich. Candor compels one to say that this must inevitably be an even frailer reed upon which to lean, and we should warn Monsignor Pacelli against placing his trust in such obviously unsympathetic forces. In view of papal concordats signed with every reactionary force on earth, it is hardly likely that the working classes of the world will be convinced that there is now a friend to be found in Rome.

The dilemma becomes more acute when one considers Austria. When Dollfuss acceded to the urging of Cardinal Innitzer and slaughtered the Socialist workers of Vienna, he was acting in full accord with an understanding which had been arranged between Mussolini, Hitler, and the Pope. When that part of the deal had been completed and Austria had become a Catholic-fascist state, the Vatican had every right to expect gratitude and friendship from Herr Hitler. Instead Herr Hitler has forsaken the church and is still intent on *Anschluss* with Austria, and *Anschluss* can only mean that Austria will go the way of Germany, so far as the Holy See is concerned.

Of course there are always Ireland, and Al Smith, and Father Coughlin. In fact, there is the United States. Just what Monsignor Pacelli was seeking to do on his hasty visit here last year has never been clear, but like Izvolsky and the czarist ambassadors of old, Signor Pacelli was probably making an effort to salvage something from the ruins. It is possible that Monsignor Pacelli reported back to Rome that Catholics were still being allowed to vote in general elections in the United States.

"Bravo! my dear Pacelli!" the Pope would respond. "Such a diplomatic victory is a splendid indication of your worth to me!"

If one is permitted to speak of a pope as a mortal man, it is plain that the present envoy of God on earth is still suffering from the shock he received while acting as papal nuncio in Warsaw after the World War. Most of the blunders of the past twenty years may be traced to this practical occurrence. As nuncio, the present Pope had thrown his weight behind the attack of the Poles on the new revolutionary state in Russia. His attempts to deal with the Bolsheviks had ended in failure; communism was a menace that had to be crushed. The military campaign opened in a blaze of glory. Pilsudski's army drove deep into the Ukraine, and there seemed to halt to its advance. What turned a triumph into disaster was the appearance of Budyonny and his horsemen after a trek of a thousand miles, one of the great military exploits of history. The ferocity of Budyonny's charge threw the Poles into panic and utter demoralization. They returned to the gates of Warsaw faster than they had come out, and the Russians were soon thundering at the door. It was a tense moment, and nobody resident in Warsaw at that moment was ever likely to forget it, least of all the gentleman who had been so instrumental in arranging it. French support saved Warsaw, but not before the nuncio had experienced a shock from which he has never recovered. His hatred of communism is more than a matter of policy; it is a personal and immediate thing to him, a remembrance of his gigantic failure, a recollection of a fear.

IN THE LIGHT of this, a reading of the various encyclicals takes on a sense not otherwise discernible. The diplomatic policy of the Vatican has been exactly like the diplomatic policy of all Europe for twenty years: based

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost entirely upon fear of communism.

When that cardinal principle is understood, much of the maneuvering loses its mysterious aspect. The policy of the Vatican suffers not only from the need of a spiritual organization to be more brutal than the minor Machiavellians of the foreign offices, but it is also infused with the personal confusions of the Pope. As a consequence, the Vatican wabbles from one untenable position to another. Communism is the one enemy, and to fight communism alliances must be made with anybody who will bow and kiss the ring, no matter how viciously hypocritical the gesture may be. The Vatican will order its troops to fight side by side with its ancient enemies, the Moors; it will precipitate a holy war in Jugoslavia with the Greek Orthodox Church for the sake of making an alliance which will be even more needful in the greater blood-making to follow.

Nothing has more tragically revealed the effects of Vatican policy than a scene on the station platform at Geneva, Switzerland, as reported in the press during the first week of August. A train had arrived with a coach full of refugee children from the Basque country, the staunchest Catholic section of all Spain. On the platform to greet them were two Catholic priests. When the children saw them, they were thrown into terror. They screamed and huddled together in the car and would not disembark. In another mood they held their fists high in the Red salute and cried: "Down with fascism! Down with Hitler! Down with Mussolini! Down with fascist Switzerland!"

What a pity, said the Geneva papers. Look what effect the dastardly Red propaganda has had upon these innocent children! But perhaps the propaganda had come from the other side . . . from the heavens. Even from the kindly Catholic God himself. There had been a sound as of the rustling of thousands of angel wings, and then the message from God as transmitted through the Good Father in Rome and delivered by the swift carriers of Mussolini had begun to fall on Guernica and Bilbao.

I urge you in the name of Our Father in Heaven to return to the church which loves you so devotedly. I urge it in the name of this beautiful high explosive bomb made with such loving care by the Christians who, as God's representatives on earth, are receiving my blessing for doing this service for the great cause. We may have had slight differences, but I know you will be glad to come back to the church if I turn this machine gun on you and assure you of the affection which awaits you upon your return.

Thus speaks Pope Pius and is answered by the screams of little Basque children, turned frantic by horror at the sight of a priest's garb on the platform of the station in Geneva, Switzerland. Cardinal Pacelli, for his part, has no time for such manifestations of the spirit, being busily occupied in making another alliance which will protect the material interests of his great organization on this earth. He is confident that heaven will understand.

General Franco Conducts a Mass

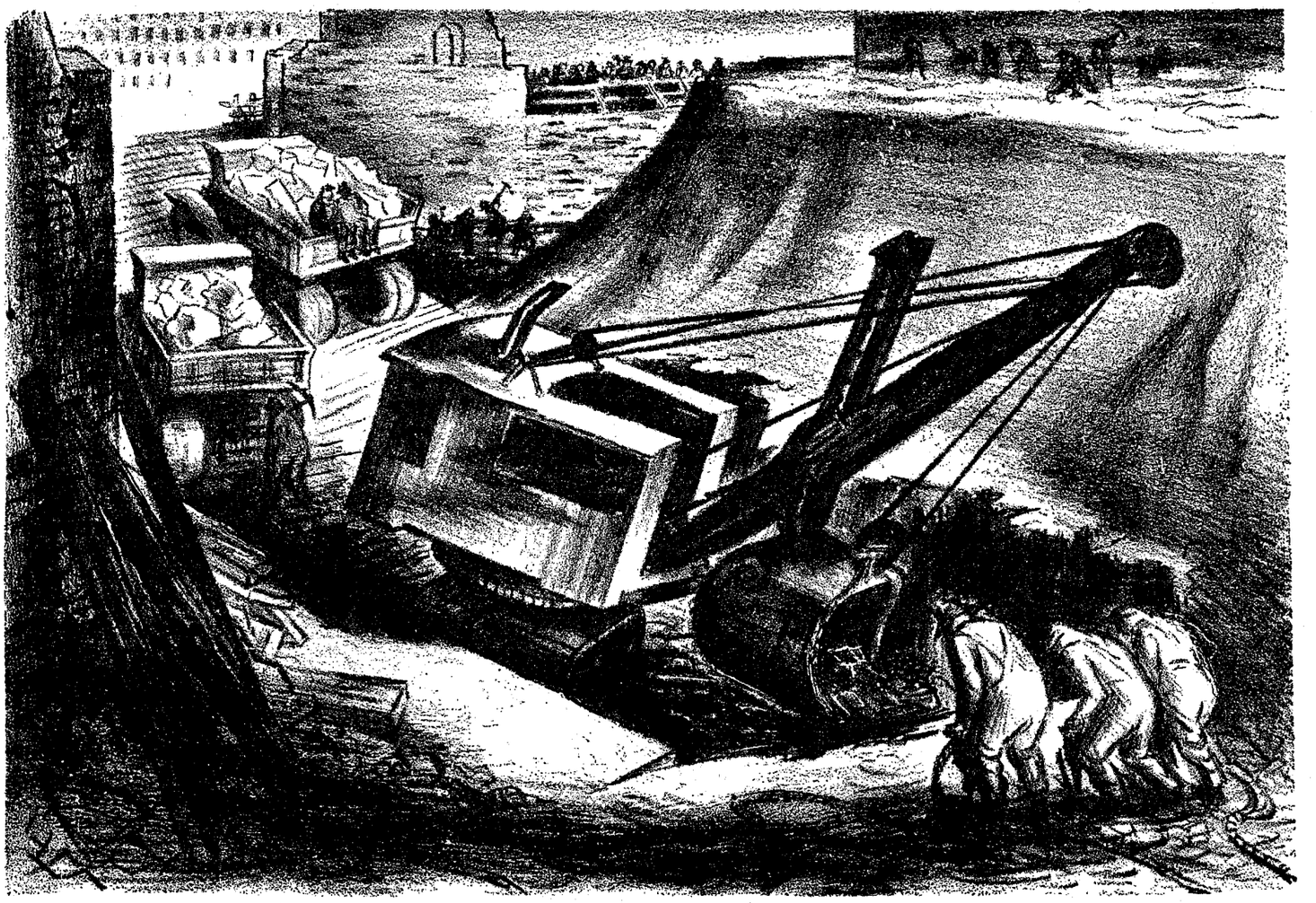
Ring bayonets against the bells,
Round up the peasants for their prayers.
Oh, fruitful are the fields of Spain—
Sing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

Bar the church doors until their souls
Are purified of earthly greed.
Oh, heavy are the golden coffers—
Sing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

Light the torches. Let every spire
Pierce the heavens with holy light.
Oh, jubilant the rise of voices—
Sing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

JANE WILSON.

★



Lithograph by J. Markow (Courtesy W.P.A.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Century of Writers' Progress

Their organized struggles on the economic plane in America reaped victories in the past and are taking a new turn today

By Bob Stuart

AN important tradition marks its centennial this year. One hundred years ago in February, when American writers organized their first action in defense of their economic interests, the economic struggles of writers centered on the winning of a basic protection for their literary labor: an international copyright. In this they were heartily assisted by the splendid international solidarity of the English writers. Later in the same year the first trade union of writers was organized in France. Leading and fighting valiantly in the very forefront of these battles, which went on for generations, were practically all of the great writers of the time, including, to name only a few: Washington Irving, Emerson, Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Lowell, Poe, Bryant, Mark Twain, Howells, and Bellamy in the United States; Dickens, Robert Southey, Carlyle, Bulwer-Lytton, Roget, Thomas Moore, Wilkie Collins, Darwin, and Huxley in Great Britain; and Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Beaumarchais, and George Sand in France.

Preceding the action of 1837 by English and American writers were years of chaos and rampant piracy in the American publishing industry. The usual procedure among American publishers was to have an agent rush a sure-fire best seller—a new novel by Scott or Dickens—hot off the London press to New York by the fast Liverpool clipper. On board ship, the booty was set up in type. Then the forms were sped through the printshop in New York, and an edition sometimes placed on sale here within a fortnight after publication in England. To protect their spoil from being hijacked, publishers here evolved the notorious "courtesy of trade" whereby a mere notice to all the other American publishers of intention to pirate a book was sufficient to leave the field clear. Of course, it mattered little to the compatriots of the wooden-nutmeg makers if a chapter here and there or entire sets of illustrations were omitted in the rush, or the volume otherwise garbled and mutilated almost beyond recognition. Indeed, publishers' hearts throbbed with true American efficiency as, later on, the pinnacle of organized piracy was reached when *Sarah Barnum,* by Marie Colombier, by some sleight-of-hand, was published here within twenty-four hours of its publication in Paris!

Definite license was given to these literary larcenies by the copyright act of 1790, written, no doubt, by the publishers themselves. It expressly stated that "Nothing herein shall be construed to prohibit the importation, sale, reprinting, or republishing within the United States of any book printed or published abroad by any person not a citizen."

Thus legalized, piracy for decades strangled nascent American writers as ruthlessly as it robbed the English. After all, why should publishers trouble themselves to *buy* from native writers works of doubtful success, i.e., dubious profit, when they could pick and choose among the successful works of British authors for which they were not compelled to pay a single cent? Indeed, it is apparent that the cupidity of American publishers was a greater factor in retarding the flowering of an American literature than the usually alleged "preoccupation with hewing a nation out of a wilderness."

Fighting stubbornly against these wanton practices and stifling laws were the literary men of America. Together, they sent a stream of memorials and petitions to Congress demanding the liquidation of oppressive piracy by the enactment of international copyright legislation. During February 1837 they sent three different petitions to the Senate, with the result that Henry Clay wrote and introduced the first bill incorporating this principle into four successive sessions of Congress. Memorials from a group of professors emphasized the demands made in the petition sent by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Samuel F. B. Morse, Robert Morris, and others that

> such changes may be had in the present law of copyright, as while they insure to authors a safer interest in their property, to our own writers encouragement, and to foreign writers a reasonable protection, the public may be secured against a discouraging monopoly, the commonwealth of literature open to a fair and liberal competition, and the groundwork laid for a future international law of copyright between the Old World and the New.

The leading literary men of Great Britain stood side by side with their fellow-writers. Over fifty of them, including Poet Laureate Robert Southey, Thomas Carlyle, the two Disraelis, Henry Hallam, Harriet Martineau, P. M. Roget, Campbell, Lyell, Keightley, Thomas Moore, and Bulwer-Lytton sent a brilliant memorial to the Senate during the same month. The pirates had already hung one noted author, Sir Walter Scott, to a yardarm. His case was "proof of the evil complained of," his colleagues wrote. "Dear alike to your country and to ours . . . read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labors." Throwing down the gauntlet, they declared that "An equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils." They appealed to Congress to maintain a "strict regard for simple justice," to consider "the interests of science and literature, which ought to constitute a bond of union and friendship between the United States and Great Britain"; to realize "that the American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law . . . [having] no redress but in sending over their works to England to be published . . . an established practice with some, of whom their country has most reason to be proud"; in addition to recognizing the injuries in "reputation and property" to the English writer "from the want of a law by which the exclusive right to their respective writings may be secured to them in the United States of America."

But the publishers were not napping. Their opposing stream of memorials flooded Congress and succeeded in forestalling action for years although Clay, in reporting his bill out of the select committee he headed, had declared: "The evidences in favor of the measure of granting copyrights were so strong as not to leave a doubt on any mind of its favorable reception by the country." Typical of these publishers' missives was one sent by a law-book publishing firm which wept crocodile tears for the "moral light" of the nation. "All the riches of English literature are ours," it said. "English authorship comes free as the vital air, untaxed, unhindered, even by the necessity of translation, into our country. The question is, shall we tax it, and thus interpose a barrier to the circulation of intellectual and moral light? . . . Shall we refuse to gather the share of this harvest, which Providence, and our own position, makes our own?" At the time they were issuing a 104-volume law library which did not include a single work by a native author.

Soon perceiving that sporadic passing of petitions to one another was ineffective and fruitless, American writers realized they must band together to pursue their common aims systematically. Galvanized into definite action by the speeches of alien agitator Charles Dickens on his first American tour, they readily organized.

Dickens spoke out forcefully against the "monstrous injustice." He was viciously slandered as a mercenary scoundrel, and even asked not to refer to the subject in his speeches at dinners given to honor him. As an alien agitator, he was treated hardly less cavalierly than his countryman, John Strachey, during the latter's recent trip here. Undaunted, Dickens personally presented ninety-five years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago this March 14 a petition to Congress by American writers, with Washington Irving at their head, praying the passage of an international copyright law.

Under this impetus, the American Copyright Club was organized in 1843 with William Cullen Bryant as president. On its rolls were the leading men of letters of the day from Greeley, Poe, William Gilmore Sims, Irving, Longfellow, Richard Henry Dana, Lowell, and Hawthorne to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, Hamilton Fish, George Bancroft, and Edward Everett: in all, a total of almost two hundred.

The club poured out petitions steadily. On record, for example, are two petitions received by Congress March 22, 1848, one by John Jay and the other by Bryant and fifteen others. Another was sent by Herman Melville, Bayard Taylor, James Fenimore Cooper, Irving, and John Jay on July 19, 1852. Even the American Medical Association came out in favor of it in 1851, indicating the current widespread support. But the counter-flood of petitions also increased. During 1854 alone, the publishing interests had a dozen petitions sent to Congress remonstrating against a bill then being discussed.

Naturally, the runaround was terrific. The copyright bill bobbed up first in the Senate, then in the House, now in the judiciary committee, or a "select" committee, next in the Department of State and the Senate committee on foreign affairs, then in the committee on patents, and even in the library committee!

DURING the next two decades the movement ebbed slowly until Dickens's second tour of America in 1867 again revived and strengthened it. News of his impending visit stimulated the reorganization and expansion of the American Copyright Club into the International Copyright Association. Bryant was elected president again, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Nast (Cartoonists' Guild, please note), and Henry Ward Beecher as vice-presidents. The organization included most of the membership of its parent and, therefore, the leading literary men of the period. As a welcome to Dickens, eleven different petitions were sent to Congress in the year preceding his visit, two being headed by Bryant and Longfellow, respectively. During the year of the tour, popular interest flared high and led to the introduction of a new and third international copyright bill following a long petition to Congress signed by over a hundred and fifty writers.

For the first time, a group of publishers supported a copyright bill. The growth of the publishing industry had led to the formation of groups with clashing economic interests, which cracked the publishers' united front on the question. The Philadelphia group opposed the bill as violently as usual; the New York and Boston publishers met and decided to support it. At the meeting, a memorial from the British literary men was received. Signed by Darwin, Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Harriet Martineau, Thomas Carlyle, and more than forty others, it dissociated their interests from those of the British publishers, requesting that negotiations be renewed on the basis of the books being manufactured in America, thus renouncing nationalism and again demonstrating their economic maturity. Of these two, Thomas Carlyle and Harriet Martineau, had also signed that first petition thirty-five years ago.

Although writers in America had learned the value of organization during those thirty-five years, they had been unable to draw further conclusions from the struggle. They had relied upon petitions and an occasional after-dinner speech to the exclusion of other weapons. They had neglected to devise other means of influencing public opinion and of marshaling what they already had. They had not attempted concerted mass pressure on publishers or congressmen. As a result, it was only after years of toil that they achieved success.

UNLIKE the Americans, French literary men were able to see the struggle for an international copyright as one aspect of the general struggle of writers for economic security through the pursuance of their craft, and to draw conclusions therefrom which led directly to the organization of the first trade union of authors.

They already had a brief taste of what they were fighting for: a revolutionary decree of 1793 had established for the first time the principle of the international copyright. However, the Napoleons and Bourbons had played havoc with the act so that literary piracy was again rampant, especially by Belgian publishers. Beaumarchais initiated the struggles which led to the organization of the powerful authors' trade union. He had learned the value of organization in the conflicts over his *Marriage of Figaro,* banned by Louis XVI personally, and his *Barber of Seville,* produced only after a three-year fight against censorship. On December 10, 1837, the Société des Gens de Lettres was organized as a protest against the depredations of publishers on literary property, and to protect authors in their rights. It determined to defend the interests —social, personal, and pecuniary—of all its members and to assure them an adequate return for their literary labors, in addition to providing a sick and pension fund. In spite of being assailed with abuse by gangsters of the pen, viewed with alarm by publishers, and ridiculed as unnecessary and chimerical by the leisure classes, the Société rapidly grew strong. Among its leaders were Balzac, Hugo, Eugène Sue, Dumas, George Sand, and other great writers. Following the Société's vehement campaign—strengthened by a series of bitter polemics by Honoré de Balzac—the minister of public education set up a commission to which Balzac was elected to represent the union. As a result, several years later, in 1852, France recognized the rights of foreign authors as equal to those of her own citizens and specifically prohibited the importation of pirated editions. During those years the Société, very astutely not relying on verbal barrages in legislative halls, had taken action itself and collected 1,234,000 francs for its members, most of it for works pirated by publishers.

Herb Kruckman

With this splendid record behind them, it is only logical that the French writers were foremost in setting up the International Copyright Union which abolished piracy on a large scale in practically all of the civilized world except the United States. (Nazi Germany, having turned the clock back, has recently withdrawn from the Copyright Union.) Under the presidency of Victor Hugo, who had acquired first-hand information on conditions in the European writing field during his twenty-year banishment abroad after the revolution of 1848, the International Literary & Artistic Association began a series of annual meetings which paved the way for the Berne convention of 1886. This gathering organized the Copyright Union, which finally secured to writers in member countries simultaneous protection for their literary work.

ROUSED by this activity across the Atlantic, along with the organization of the British Society of Authors, having Lord Tennyson as president, the American Copyright League was organized here in 1883 with James Russell Lowell at its head. Among its members were almost all of the people of that period whom we remember today: Mark Twain, Edward Bellamy, Howells, George W. Cable, Richard T. Ely, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Joel Chandler Harris, Bret Harte, Henry Cabot Lodge, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Louisa May Alcott, Henry C. Adams, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Dudley Warner, Brander Matthews, and many others. A petition signed by 144 prominent writers was sent to Congress in the same year. As a result, another bill—drawn up by the League itself—was introduced into Congress. The discussion waxed furious, and it seemed that this bill would actually pass. At this point the enemies of copyright resorted to the old legislative trick of introducing an alternate bill in opposition. This measure, the Chace bill,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was passed in 1891 in a form representing at least a partial victory.

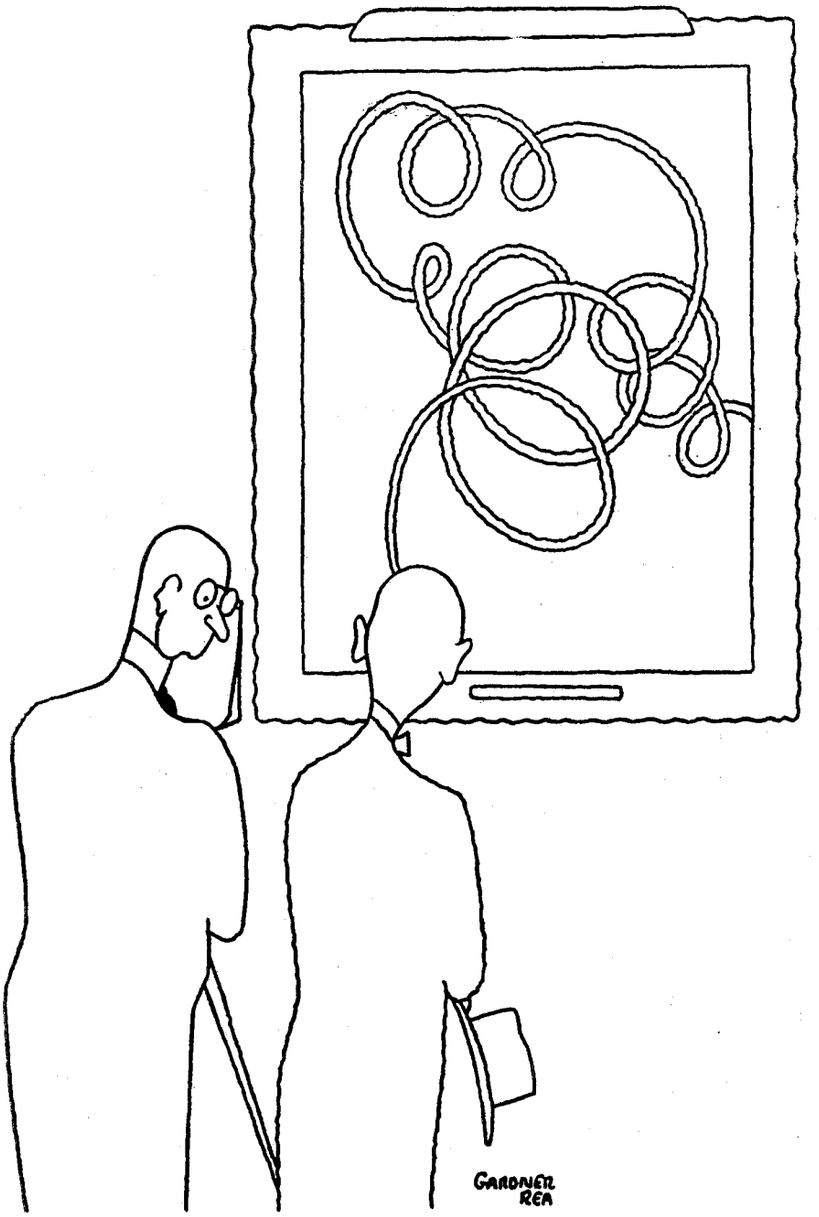
The record of the fifty-four-year-long battle for an international copyright is sad indeed. In Congress, twelve separate and distinct bills had been drawn up by 1886 and presented twenty-one times in all. Out of these twenty-one, only six actually succeeded in reaching the floor via committee reports, a mere four of which were favorable! In addition, of the great numbers presented to Congress, only about twenty petitions had been considered important enough to be printed in the public records. What a long-drawn-out battle! How brief and painless it would have been had writers not relied entirely upon *billets-doux* or dignified memorials to Congress, but had used direct measures to win their just demands!

As doleful as this record was the demise of the American Copyright League. It withered away, after the passage of a few amendments to the Chace act, and finally degenerated into the copyright committee of the employers' organization in the field, the National Association of Book Publishers. There still remained the basic task of welding together a writers' economic protective association—a writers' union—through which to liquidate the many injustices prevailing in the industry. The winning of international copyright legislation had removed only one major grievance from the American writing industry. The conditions of free-lance writers still cried out more and more for amelioration.

DURING the next decades, the consolidation of the American theater and cinema industries in New York City and Hollywood proceeded apace, leading to organization among the employers and the concentration of the literary workers in those cities, with an attendant growth of specialized problems. As a result, a Screen Writers' Guild and a Dramatists' Guild, on a par with the Authors' Guild, were formed in the Authors' League in 1920. Slowly, hesitantly, and painfully, the two guilds evolved toward union ideology and strategy. At present, the Dramatists' Guild has a closed shop on Broadway and the Screen Writers' Guild is recuperating from a premature showdown with the Hollywood economic royalists. (Incidentally, the Benedict Arnold largely responsible for the setback, Mr. Rupert Hughes, who organized a company union at the crucial moment, remains honorary vice-president of the Authors' League.)

The Authors' Guild, however, has made little headway toward the standardization of trade practice achieved by the dramatists. Until the post-crisis wave of white-collar unionization produced the American Writers' Union in 1935, many free-lance writers had considered their grievances as personal affronts by individual publishers or editors and not as general grievances prevailing in the entire industry and therefore open to eradication or regulation by the united action of all writers. This union was organized because of the inadequate protection of writers by the Authors' Guild, exemplified by its lethargic reaction to contemporary issues such as W.P.A. projects for needy writers. Forward-looking members of the Guild, however, have been working to make its approach more practical, and to bring it closer to the American Writers' Union. The latter has initiated a campaign for a rigid code of fair practice throughout the writing industry via the National Labor Relations Board to include: minimum word rates beginning with two cents a word for "pulps," a time limit on reading of manuscripts ranging from one week for articles of timely interest to one month for novels; payment for manuscripts on acceptance rather than on publication, bi-monthly accounting of royalties, minimum advertising for novels, and the "free presentation plan" giving writers the right to send their manuscripts to as many publishers at the same time as they may desire. In addition, its twenty-three locals scattered from New York to Los Angeles are coöperating with other organizations in rallying all workers at the cultural trades for the establishment of a National Academy of Arts and Letters. The union has, with its policy of hard-boiled realism, been able to circumvent the rose-petal camouflaged actions of the publishers and to reveal an ordinary employee-employer setup. Moreover, it has also adopted many pressure tactics and methods of influencing the public and its servants, which had been found effective by organized labor.

Thus the tradition of articulate and aggressive struggle against the injustices confronting writers has borne fruit. Indeed, this hundredth anniversary of the first organized economic action by American writers may well be commemorated by their uniting in a serious campaign to wipe out the other economic evils which keep them underpaid and insecure. For every writer will agree with the speaker who, at a dinner given for Charles Dickens in New York, said: "It is but fair that those who have laurels for their brows should be permitted to browse on their laurels."



Gardner Rea

"To me, it looks like the British foreign policy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cinema of Joris Ivens

The newest production of the Dutch master raises some questions on documentary films

By Archibald MacLeish

ONE trouble with movie criticism is its assumption that the moving picture is a dramatic form to be judged by dramatic standards. Actually the moving picture is a fictional form. The most casual attention to any standard Hollywood product will discover that fact. The construction of the standard Hollywood picture is narrative, not scenic, and its persons are "characters" rather than dramatis personæ.

Furthermore the fictional prototype of the commercial moving picture is not the novel but the magazine short story. Both in outward proportions and in inward realization the Hollywood movie corresponds to the familiar *Saturday Evening Post* time-passer. The only important distinction is a purely mechanical one. In the one case the reader has to take the trouble to read and visualize for himself, whereas in the other his reading and his visualizing are done for him. Premasticate and predigest the thin gruel of a magazine short story, and you have a Hollywood picture. Even when the original roughage to be premasticated is a full-length novel —even when it is a full-length novel of the bulk of *Anthony Adverse*—the result is still a short-story's worth of short story.

The point is worth making because it helps to put the work of Joris Ivens where it properly belongs. The tendency of the critics to treat the documentary film as necessarily less "interesting" than the commercial film—their tendency to praise it, if at all, as brilliant photography, or instructive reportage, or "worthwhile art"—is a natural result of the assumption that the standard commercial picture is theater. The attitude of the movie critic is that of a dramatic critic reporting on a Burton Holmes travelogue which has taken over the local theater for a night. If they like it, they will say so. But they will say so with a difference. They will say so with an implied "You understand, of course, this isn't really a movie." Even that amazing film, *Man of Aran,* which the critics in general liked, was praised with that implicit reservation. The public was told that this was a film it *ought* to see. But it was also given to understand that this film was not like other movies. It was not, that is to say, a piece of theater. The fact that it was presented as considerably "better" than the run of other movies did not counteract the impression that it was different.

The public does not go to see what it ought to see. It does not go to see what is "better." The consequence is that the public stays away from documentary films by the million, and that the type of moving picture which ought to have, and which is made to have, the broadest popular appeal has a very limited popular audience. Even the best pictures of that type are apt to begin life in a smallish radical or art theater and end it in a lecture hall.

If the basic critical assumption as to the nature of the moving picture were corrected, a considerable part of the initial disadvantage of the documentary film would disappear. So long as the commercial movie is thought of as theater, the documentary film must necessarily be put in a category of its own, for the theater, aside from the W.P.A.'s *Living Newspaper,* has no place for the documentary film's direct and explicit actuality.

Ogramge

"It's not listed in the catalogue. It must be some sort of Communist propaganda."

But the moment the movie is put down for what it is, a fictional form deriving from fictional prototypes, the place of the documentary film becomes obvious. It bears the same relation to the usual commercial picture that the realistic novel bears to the commercial short story. It belongs not to a *less* "interesting" but to a *more* "interesting" category. It presents the actual life of actual men not falsified or foreshortened for entertainment purposes but organized for understanding.

Considered in these terms, there can be no doubt that Joris Ivens ranks not only with the great makers of documentary films but also with the great makers of moving pictures. He has all the qualities of the competent realistic novelist including certain qualities which most realistic novelists lack. In so far as any observer may be said to see the contemporary world, he seems to see it. He does not set out, as so many radical novelists do, to discover his preconceptions. He is both willing and able to report what actually exists. Furthermore, he has a sense of humanity which any novelist might well envy. No one who sees *The Spanish Earth* (55th Street Playhouse, N. Y.) can fail to be impressed by the extraordinary realization of character in the faces of his people or by the pervading tenderness and virility of his scenes. Finally, he is truly an artist, truly an inventor of forms. In no novel I have ever read have I felt more sharply the true shape of the crisis of action, the cross-pull between mortal alternatives, than in Ivens's *The New Earth,* where the completion of a dyke becomes the symbol of the whole history of man's struggle against the sea.

It would be foolish to suggest that a mere change in critical terminology would bring to such pictures as Ivens's the public for which they were made—the public which would delight in seeing them. I make no such suggestion. I do, however, believe, and do mean to say, that the kind of criticism which treats Ivens's work as something *hors de concours* and throws him, by way of consolation, the invidious title "artist," is criticism which rests upon a misapprehension. Artist, Joris Ivens is. But not in the sense in which the word is used in Hollywood. And whether artist or not, his pictures are much more like the movies than are the movies themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Silt

When the flood waters recede, the poor folk along the river start from scratch

By Richard Wright

AT last the flood waters had receded. A black father, a black mother, and a black child tramped through muddy fields, leading a tired cow by a thin bit of rope. They stopped on a hilltop and shifted the bundles on their shoulders. As far as they could see the ground was covered with flood-silt. The little girl lifted a skinny finger and pointed to a mud-caked cabin.

"Look, Pa! Ain' that our home?"

The man, round-shouldered, clad in blue, ragged overalls, looked with bewildered eyes. Without moving a muscle, scarcely moving his lips, he said: "Yeah."

For five minutes they did not speak or move. The flood waters had been more than eight feet high here. Every tree, blade of grass, and stray stick had its flood-mark: caky, yellow mud. It clung to the ground, cracking thinly here and there in spider-web fashion. Over the stark fields came a gusty spring wind. The sky was high, blue, full of white clouds and sunshine. Over all hung a first-day strangeness.

"The hen house is gone," sighed the woman.

"N the pig pen," sighed the man.

They spoke without bitterness.

"Ah reckon them chickens is all done drowned."

"Yeah."

"Miz Flora's house is gone, too," said the little girl.

They looked at a clump of trees where their neighbor's house had stood.

"Lawd!"

"Yuh reckon anybody knows where they is?"

"Hard t' tell."

The man walked down the slope and stood uncertainly.

"There wuz a road erlong here somewheres," he said.

But there was no road now. Just a wide sweep of yellow, scalloped silt.

"Look, Tom!" called the woman. "Here's a piece of our gate!"

The gate-post was half buried in the ground. A rusty hinge stood stiff, like a lonely finger. Tom pried it loose and caught it firmly in his hand. There was nothing in particular he wanted to do with it; he just stood holding it firmly. Finally he dropped it, looked up, and said:

"C'mon. Le's go down n see whut we kin do."

BECAUSE it sat in a slight depression, the ground about the cabin was soft and slimy.

"Gimme tha' bag o' lime, May," he said.

With his shoes sucking in mud, he went slowly around the cabin, spreading the white lime with thick fingers. When he reached the front again he had a little left; he shook the bag out on the porch. The fine grains of floating lime flickered in the sunlight.

"Tha' oughta hep some," he said.

"Now, yuh be careful, Sal!" said May. "Don' yuh go n fall down in all this mud, yuh hear?"

"Yessum."

The steps were gone. Tom lifted May and Sally to the porch. They stood a moment looking at the half-opened door. He had shut it when he left, but somehow it seemed natural that he should find it open. The planks in the porch floor were swollen and warped. The cabin had two colors: near the bottom it was a solid yellow; at the top it was the familiar grey. It looked weird, as though its ghost were standing beside it.

The cow lowed.

"Tie Pat t' the pos' on the en' of the porch, May."

May tied the rope slowly, listlessly. When they attempted to open the front door, it would not budge. It was not until Tom had placed his shoulder against it and gave it a stout shove that it scraped back jerkily. The front room was dark and silent. The damp smell of flood-silt came fresh and sharp to their nostrils. Only one-half of the upper window was clear, and through it fell a rectangle of dingy light. The floors swam in ooze. Like a mute warning, a wavering flood-mark went high around the walls of the room. A dresser sat cater-cornered, its drawers and sides bulging like a bloated corpse. The bed, with the mattress still on it, was like a casket forged of mud. Two smashed chairs lay in a corner, as though huddled together for protection.

"Le's see the kitchen," said Tom.

The stove-pipe was gone. But the stove stood in the same place.

Tromka

"The stove's still good. We kin clean it."

"Yeah."

"But where's the table?"

"Lawd knows."

"It must've washed erway wid the rest of the stuff, Ah reckon."

They opened the back door and looked out. They missed the barn, the hen house, and the pig pen.

"Tom, yuh bettah try tha ol' pump 'n see ef any watah's there."

The pump was stiff. Tom threw his weight on the handle and carried it up and down. No water came. He pumped on. There was a dry, hollow cough. Then yellow water trickled. He caught his breath and kept pumping. The water flowed white.

"Thank Gawd! We's got some watah."

"Yuh bettah boil it fo yuh use it," he said.

"Yeah. Ah know."

"Look, Pa! Here's yo ax," called Sally.

Tom took the ax from her. "Yeah. Ah'll need this."

"N here's somethin else," called Sally, digging spoons out of the mud.

"Waal, Ahma git a bucket n start cleanin," said May. "Ain no use in waitin, cause we's gotta sleep on them floors tonight."

When she was filling the bucket from the pump, Tom called from around the cabin. "May, look! Ah done foun mah plow!" Proudly he dragged the silt-caked plow to the pump. "Ah'll wash it n it'll be awright."

"Ah'm hongry," said Sally.

"Now, yuh jus wait! Yuh et this mawnin," said May. She turned to Tom. "Now, whutcha gonna do, Tom?"

He stood looking at the mud-filled fields.

"Yuh goin back t Burgess?"

"Ah reckon Ah have to."

"Whut else kin yuh do?"

"Nothin," he said. "Lawd, but Ah sho hate t start all over wid tha white man. Ah'd leave here ef Ah could. Ah owes im nigh eight hundred dollahs. N we needs a hoss, grub, seed, n a lot mo other things. Ef we keeps on like this tha white man'll own us body n soul. . . ."

"But, Tom, there ain nothin else t do," she said.

"Ef we try t run erway they'll put us in jail."

"It coulda been worse," she said.

Sally came running from the kitchen. "Pa!"

"Hunh?"

"There's a shelf in the kitchen the flood didn't git!"

"Where?"

"Right up over the stove."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But, chile, ain nothin up there," said May.

"But there's somethin on it," said Sally.

"C'mon. Le's see."

High and dry, untouched by the flood-water, was a box of matches. And beside it a half-full sack of Bull Durham tobacco. He took a match from the box and scratched it on his overalls. It burned to his fingers before he dropped it.

"May!"

"Hunh?"

"Look! Here's muh 'bacco n some matches!"

She stared unbelievingly. "Lawd!" she breathed.

Tom rolled a cigarette clumsily.

May washed the stove, gathered some sticks, and after some difficulty, made a fire. The kitchen stove smoked, and their eyes smarted. May put water on to heat and went into the front room. It was getting dark. From the bundles they took a kerosene lamp and lit it. Outside Pat lowed longingly into the thickening gloam and tinkled her cowbell.

"Tha old cow's hongry," said May.

"Ah reckon Ah'll have t be gitting erlong t Burgess."

They stood on the front porch.

"Yuh bettah git on, Tom, fo it gits too dark."

"Yeah."

The wind had stopped blowing. In the east a cluster of stars hung.

"Yuh goin, Tom?"

"Ah reckon Ah have t."

"Ma, Ah'm hongry," said Sally.

"Wait erwhile, honey. Ma knows yuh's hongry."

Tom threw his cigarette away and sighed.

"Look! Here comes somebody!"

"Tha's Mistah Burgess now!"

A mud-caked buggy rolled up. The shaggy horse was splattered all over. Burgess leaned his white face out of the buggy and spat.

"Well, I see you're back."

"Yessuh."

"How things look?"

"They don look so good, Mistah."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Waal, Ah ain got no hoss, no grub, nothing. . . . The only thing Ah is got is tha ol cow there. . . ."

"You owe eight hundred dollahs down at the store, Tom."

"Yessuh, Ah know. But, Mistah Burgess, can't yuh knock somethin off of tha, seein as how Ahm down n out now?"

"You ate that grub, and I got to pay for it, Tom."

"Yessuh, Ah know."

"It's going to be a little tough, Tom. But you got to go through with it. Two of the boys tried to run away this morning and dodge their debts, and I had to have the sheriff pick em up. I wasn't looking for no trouble out of you, Tom. . . . The rest of the families are going back."

Leaning out of the buggy, Burgess waited. In the surrounding stillness the cowbell tinkled again. Tom stood with his back against a post.

"Yuh got t go on, Tom. We ain't got nothin here," said May.

Tom looked at Burgess.

"Mistah Burgess, Ah don wanna make no trouble. But this is jus *too* hard. Ahm worse off now than befo. Ah got to start from scratch. . . ."

"Get in the buggy and come with me. I'll stake you with grub. We can talk over how you can pay it back." Tom said nothing. He rested his back against the post and looked at the mud-filled fields.

"Well," asked Burgess. "You coming?" Tom said nothing. He got slowly to the ground and pulled himself into the buggy. May watched them drive off.

"Hurry back, Tom!"

"Awright."

"Ma, tell Pa t bring me some 'lasses," begged Sally.

"Oh, Tom!"

Tom's head came out of the side of the buggy.

"Hunh?"

"Bring some 'lasses!"

"Hunh?"

"Bring some 'lasses fer Sal!"

"Awright!"

She watched the buggy disappear over the crest of the muddy hill. Then she sighed, caught Sally's hand, and turned back into the cabin.

Herb Kruckman

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

Chain Gang

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tattooed Ladies, Plus

From strip-teasers to lion-tamers, the amusement workers are hammering out their new deal under Four A leadership

By Charles E. Dexter

TEN years ago, Owney Madden was king of Broadway. Owney, ex-convict and gangster, supported by his henchmen, Big Frenchy, Little Frenchy, Terry O'Reilly, and many another who had come up from slum streets to prison cell and thence to illicit power, ruled night clubs, and restaurants, and speakeasies, and even owned a brewery in the heart of Manhattan. Owney was fearless. No one challenged his dictatorship, which was enforced by the steel-jacketed bullets of his gunmen.

Especially in the night clubs, Owney's word was law. He either owned or "protected" every one of the post-midnight palaces of 1927, where champagne cost twenty-five dollars a quart and where the big spenders came to dispense their easy money. And one of Owney's laws was that the girls who worked in his clubs were to be protected. Owney had killed a man, it was said; but only over a girl—not money. Sentiment and perhaps the fact that he had once been a poor boy made him a kindly boss to the girls who worked for him. And so his gunmen saw to it that even if the girls posed nude in the night spots, they would be unmolested. Muscle-men beat up mashers. Strong-arm tactics kept such places as the Silver Slipper, the Frivolity, and Texas Guinan's free from at least one vice—prostitution.

That was 1927, and the gangster king laid down the law. This is 1937, and the night-club workers, freed from the domination of racketeers, are about to rule themselves. They are about to organize into a union.

When you come to think of it, this is an enormous step forward. Night clubs are unstable affairs, financed usually by shady characters. It used to be dangerous to talk back to such a boss as the gang overlord assigned to run his cabarets. But today is a new day, and not only are the night-club workers about to organize, but every worker in the world of amusements is soon to be invited to join a union. The so-called "legitimate" actors, musicians, stagehands, dramatists, composers, and technical workers in special categories have been organized for some time. Recently the screen actors won a contract from Hollywood's producers—not the best possible contract, yet one with certain definite concessions. This started the ball rolling. Now workers in any form of entertainment—burlesque girls, opera singers, ticket takers, press agents, circus performers, wardrobe women, radio artists and technicians—in fact, everyone from tattooed ladies to the trainer of Lucy, the educated seal, are about to become good union members.

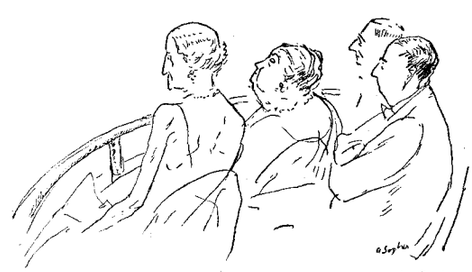
How did this happen? Who is doing the organization? And why? These are the questions you hear in show business this summer.

First—how it happened. When Hollywood cut salaries from 25 to 50 percent during the 1933 bank holiday, the Screen Actors' Guild was immediately formed. Only this June of 1937 did it win recognition. In so doing it became an affiliate of the Associated Actors & Artistes of America. This federation, called familiarly the "Four A," has long been a skeleton central link between federated unions. Its only live member has been Actors' Equity, although it numbered among its affiliates half a dozen other dormant locals. It belongs to the A. F. of L.

With the sudden recognition of the Screen Actors' Guild, this group automatically became the largest and most important member of Four A, supplanting Equity in this respect. Meantime, workers in other branches of show business have been clamoring for unionization. Circus workers organized independently last spring and won a contract from Ringling Bros. Radio performers have declared: "Either we get a charter from the A. F. of L. or we'll turn elsewhere for organizational help." Wardrobe workers have their own small embryo union, awaiting action. Press agents similarly have formed a guild. Front-of-the-house men, box-office treasurers, ticket takers, service employees, porters, and doormen, all want the protection that only a union can give.

The Four A meant nothing at all so long as it was a collection of moribund unions and the living Actors' Equity. The sudden recognition of the Screen Actors' Guild revitalized it. But the one factor which turned the scales toward an organizational drive was the policy of the independent group within Equity.

This group has educated show people to the necessity for a vital policy of organizing the unorganized and toward many necessary reforms in contractual relations between employers and employed, as well as toward complete trade-union democracy. It has also urged the formation of one big industrial union in the amusement field.



A. Sopher

The independent group in Equity forced the issue. They did not win the recent Equity Council election, but their strength was such that Frank Gillmore was obliged either to act or to be pushed aside by the mass of newly organized workers who demand action.

Thus Gillmore's transfer from the presidency of Equity to the directorship of the Four A drive. Thus the sudden interest of President Brown of the I.A.T.S.E.—the international of stagehands—in the Four A. If they won't utilize existing machinery for organization, someone else will.

As a result, Four A lines up for the drive with the Screen Actors' Guild, Equity, the I.A.T.S.E., and the American Federation of Musicians forming its backbone. A charter has been issued to radio artists, and they will shortly be ready for the presentation of a constitution to their membership. Many of the once moribund affiliates of Four A are showing signs of life, and, as the drive gains momentum, may be expected to partake in it. Thus far the quoted words of the Four A leaders — Gillmore, Brown, and Kenneth Thompson of the Screen Actors' Guild—have indicated a sweeping organization of all elements in the amusement field.

It is easy to become overenthusiastic about the Four A drive. You may have read Bosley Crowther's article in a recent issue of the New York *Times* in which he hails the drive as a step toward "one big union in amusements." It is such a step, but only a faltering first one. True, the path leads directly toward this goal. Many are the obstacles and pitfalls on the way. The signposts are, however, easy to read and to understand.

You see, the workers want to be organized. They have always wanted to be organized. Once performers could not be buried in holy ground. Now show people demand more than a sanctified grave. Honest pay, decent working conditions, the right to speak freely in defense of one's job, and a union that is strong and all-embracing—the strip-teaser wants it and the flagpole sitter, the scrubwoman in the opera house and the coloratura soprano whose tones are easily convertible into solid gold. And the night-club cutie who wears no pants and the Pagliacci of the tan-bark. Ticket taker, ticket puncher, sword swallower, and mime, the lad who spouts "the red network of N.B.C.," and the musician who is on W.P.A. because they invented sound-tracks the other year—all of them are united in a determination to get that union and get it quick.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' FORUM

An anti-labor movie—Comments on Broadus Mitchell's article—Replying to Robert Forsythe on satire

● I have just witnessed the neatest anti-union trick of the week, and hereby nominate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the prize awarded therefor.

A movie "short" entitled *The Public Pays,* part of a series entitled *Crime Does Not Pay,* concerns itself with the invasion of a small western town by a gang of racketeers. They form a Creamery Protective Assn., force all the local creameries to join, charge a cent a bottle of milk as "dues to the organization," raise the price of milk three cents to the public, and later raise the "dues" to three cents a bottle. They force the dealers to join up by threats, destruction of property, assault, etc.

In one such scene, a milk delivery truck-driver is greeted by thugs with: "So, a scab, eh? A strike-breaker! We'll show you!" When he protests that there is no strike, they retort snappily, "There isn't? That's what you think," or words to that effect, and after slugging him, they overturn his truck.

In the prologue some sturdy and obviously upright police official enters a plea to the public to be on the alert against racketeers, "fake unions, and other rackets."

My friends, bless their liberal little souls, tell me I'm paranoid in seeing in such subtle and vicious material any threat to the working class. If this be paranoia, make the most of it.

J. L.

Who Recruited for Spain?

● I agree with your criticism of Broadus Mitchell's statement that "no matter what radicals do, the drift in this country is inevitably toward a collectivist society." I should like to point out, in addition, that no matter what the Trotskyites holding Socialist Party cards do, there *will* be a united front. It is most heartening to think that there are many sincere Socialists such as Comrade Mitchell who will not permit the tremendous issues facing the people of this country to be swamped by pettifogging and bickering.

Can either the editors of the NEW MASSES or Comrade Mitchell cite any facts on another point made by him, namely that "the Socialists are the more vigorous in recruiting volunteers for Spain"? I raise this question in all sincerity. Neither the newspapers, nor the radio accounts, nor the reports in the NEW MASSES or the *Socialist Call* draw any such conclusion. True, the Socialist Party organized an official campaign for funds for a Debs Battalion, but as far as I know it never went beyond the campaign stage. On the other hand, it is an open secret that the majority of the International Brigade was recruited by the Communist Parties of the various countries.

Although I realize that this was a minor point in an excellent statement, I do not think that Comrade Mitchell should take my question amiss.

K. CLARK.

[We sent the above letter to Professor Mitchell for reply about a month ago. He is apparently traveling, for he has not replied. On the question of recruiting for Spain, Mr. Mitchell was apparently influenced by the regrettable last-winter ballyhoo about the Eugene V. Debs Brigade. It will be recalled that Earl Browder recently stated that the majority of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion was recruited from the ranks of the Communist Party. It will be obvious from this that the remainder of the battalion consisted mainly of non-Communists who accepted the leadership of the Communist Party.—THE EDITORS.]

Another Comment

● It seems to me that Professor Broadus Mitchell has written an excellent article on "certain present deficiencies in the Socialist Party." For one thing,

Helen West Heller

he suffers woefully (as you say) from being somewhat "shy of social theory."

A special point in the article, and one which recurs, is an apparent, deep sympathy with the "leadership principle" and the contempt for "the rabble" which is central in fascist dogma. This feeling for an "elite" is odd in one supposedly thinking in terms of "vanguard" and "education," instead of "particular leaders" and opportunism. Such feelings savor more of Hitler than of Marx. This shows again in the confusion between "collectivism" and "government intervention in economic life." The one is a trend toward greater democracy and socialism, the other toward fascism and reaction.

Remaining "trusted guides" means far more than to "remain true to our beliefs." We must also remain true to the best and *conscious* interests of those we are to guide.

Professor Mitchell seems more to believe in the old-fashioned schoolmaster and his willow stick than in the modern project method with the teacher an assistant rather than a taskmaster.

CLIFTON AMSBURY.

The Uses of Satire

● In the NEW MASSES of August 3, Mr. Forsythe attacks the utility of satire as an effective medium for preaching social change, a peculiar stand for Mr. Forsythe who himself is a master of the ironical pen. He writes, "The plain truth is that no louse was ever swayed from being a louse by satire." Of course, that's the plain truth, but to say that "satire makes no converts" just doesn't follow in any system of logic. We have ample proof in history of the efficacy of satire affecting society. Consider the work of Voltaire, the Karl Marx of the bourgeois revolution, or Aristophanes, who laughed the sophists out of Athens. Certainly Voltaire didn't change the feudal hierarchy of the church (that was left for the people to do), but no intelligent person will argue that the masses under the domination of the church weren't liberated in great measure by his satiric polemics.

The point is that satire appeals not to the people it ridicules, but to those who have been held in subjection by the caricatures presented to them. Mr. Louse No. 1 always assumes it is his dear friend Mr. Louse No. 2 who is imaged as the fool upon the stage, but the masses have the intelligence of the disinherited, and in gazing on the antics of their moral inferiors yet physical superiors, they are moved to or at least become ripe ground for revolutionary sentiment. I believe Mr. Forsythe would accept this implicitly, but the whole tenor of his article (in spite of one sentence to the contrary) conveys the impression that we who intend to write in the cause of social change should discard satire as one of our mediums.

Molière wrote one of those truisms we should all do well never to forget: "To teach people by amusing them," he said, "is the most solid form of didacticism." And we of this century certainly should realize that when laughter from satire that springs from the waters of bitter thought dies down and wears away, there is left only the cause of the laughter, the decaying forms of man's enslavement laid bare as a corpse under a surgeon's inquiring knife. If we had more *Candides* written today and less 1-2-3-4 pamphlets, we would make far more rapid progress in our work of enlightenment.

ROBERT WALTER GOODMAN.

The Soviet Fliers

● On Saturday, July 17, a benefit baseball game was played at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, between different groups of the motion picture industry, between the leading men and the comedians. There were some thirty thousand people present. The grandstand, boxes, and bleachers were packed to capacity, and thousands stood within a roped-off area on the field. All the motion picture celebrities and officials from Will Hays down were there. It was a colorful sight.

Just before the main game started, an announcement came over the loudspeaker: "Ladies and gentlemen, we now have a great treat in store for you. The three Russian aviators who flew over the North Pole this week, shattering all records for distance, endurance, and time in the air, are now entering the field as guests of His Excellency, Governor Frank Merriam of California. Let's give them a great hand." Before the announcer had half finished, the crowd was on its feet, shouting, cheering, waving. It took several minutes before the tumultuous applause subsided. When the noise subsided, pilot Mikhail Gromoff spoke a few words in Russian, which were translated as: "Ladies and gentlemen, we had to fly over the North Pole to get here in time for this great ball game." A facetious remark, very apropos of the occasion.

It seems to me that these fliers have done a great deal to destroy the feelings of hatred, prejudice, and confusion about the Soviet Union. People saw the fliers, heard them talk, saw pictures of them, and were greatly impressed by the splendid appearance of these men. They read about them in the daily papers. They acclaim these men as heroes—and because these men are so modest and unassuming, the American people have endeared them and taken them to their hearts.

H. I. L.

An Author Replies

● The July 13 issue of the NEW MASSES carries a review of my book, *The Mind of Man: The Story of Man's Conquest of Mental Illness.* While I am, of course, grateful for the attention given it in your valued journal, I was taken aback by the ease with which your reviewer appears to dismiss the purpose of the book.

The orientation of the review seems to me to imply the accusation that a study of man's mind should necessarily treat of it as an "instrument of progress and achievement." The premise that man's mind and emotions have always been devoted to progress is not borne out by my reading of psychiatric history. Perhaps the field of psychiatry and psychopathology is too close to prevailing mass attitudes and prejudices. Or it may be that the mental sciences, recently come of age, have just begun to view subjective phenomena objectively. The answer to this fascinating problem will come when a more solid body of social-psychiatric knowledge is built up. I can readily see, in this first attempt to trace the relation between social attitudes and psychotherapy, how sketchy was my effort.

What I tried to develop in this story of methods of mental healing used in ancient, medieval, and modern times, was an appreciation of how social attitudes clustering around mental phenomena and mental healing fostered or hindered the evolution of psychotherapy.

WALTER BROMBERG, M.D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Lion Feuchtwanger on the Soviet Union—Britain and the U.S.A.—Crime and corruption in the novel

YOU would be rather surprised, I imagine, if you picked up a biography of Cromwell and found four hundred pages devoted to the wart on his nose and only a footnote to say that he led the Puritan revolution. Yet this kind of fantastic reversal of values is the chief characteristic of André Gide's volume on the Soviet Union (*Return from the U.S.S.R.*). You will recall how the celebrated French novelist casually remarked that the Soviet Union has abolished the exploitation of man by man. A little thing like that is dismissed in a single sentence. But whole pages and chapters are reserved for more important considerations like the alleged laziness of the Russian people, the alleged suppression of free thought, and the alleged significance of a Georgian telegraph clerk who would not take a message to Stalin unless it included some hifalutin' salutation.

Now comes another celebrated European novelist with his impressions of the U.S.S.R.* Lion Feuchtwanger seems to be the kind of man who also sees the wart on Cromwell's nose, but he thinks it less important than the revolution. In contrast to Gide, he finds the abolition of exploitation far more significant than the incidental shortcomings. Through this rational emphasis of observable facts, we get a far truer picture of the Soviet Union, one which explains why 170,000,000 people are so passionately devoted to their new social system, and why their achievements so profoundly inspire millions of men and women the world over.

Feuchtwanger reports that everywhere in Moscow he found an atmosphere of harmony and contentment, even of happiness. The years of hunger are over; food is plentiful; clothing has improved. There are deficiencies in transportation and housing, but shortcomings are bearable in the Soviet scheme of things; the citizens know that their prosperity is the inevitable outcome of rational planning, that prosperity is there to stay, and that it will increase. The people feel secure about the future as well as the present. Experience of the past twenty years has confirmed the people's belief that their socialist country does not reserve the good things of life for a privileged few but makes them available to all. They know that the state is for them, not they for the state.

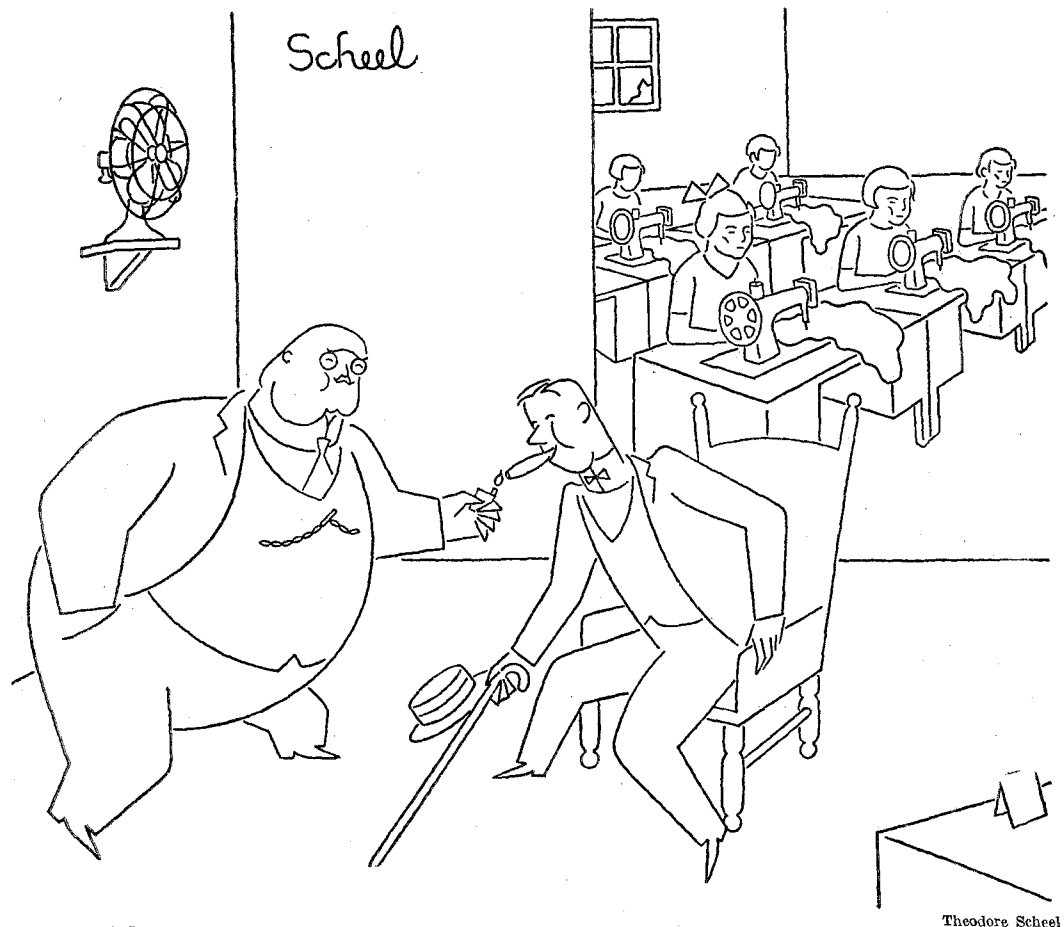
Where Gide was struck by the "arrogance" of the Soviet youth, Feuchtwanger perceived something greater and more fruitful. He found these young men and women reaping the first benefits of their Soviet upbringing, facing life with calm confidence, their strength coming from a feeling that they are organic parts of a purposeful whole.

As for freedom, Feuchtwanger is convinced that the Soviet Union has gone far along the path toward socialist democracy. This conclusion is forced on him by the essentials, as distinguished from the warts, above all by the fundamental, revolutionary fact that the means of production are in the hands of the people, and not in the hands of a few individuals. Hence the real freedom which the Soviet citizen enjoys—freedom from unemployment, from a needy old age, from anxiety as to the future of his children.

When Feuchtwanger does dwell on shortcomings, he sees them in their setting, tries to understand their causes, and records the efforts to overcome them. He is disturbed by the "exaggerated veneration" of Stalin, as Gide was, but he knows, too, that in the great majority of cases the need of the people "to express their gratitude, their infinite admiration," is genuine. And he knows, too, that "it is manifestly irksome to Stalin to be idolized as he is." Feuchtwanger finds it vastly more important that Stalin—the most unpretentious of all the men in power he has ever known—is sincerely devoting his life to the realization of socialist democracy.

Feuchtwanger discussed the Moscow trials with Stalin and was impressed by the human aspects of the situation. Speaking of Radek, the Soviet leader remarked that "there is one eternally true legend, that of Judas." And the novelist adds that it was strange to hear a man, otherwise so sober and logical, utter these simple, emotional words. But the author does not reduce the conflict to emotional terms; he remarks bluntly and truthfully that it is stupid to ascribe the Moscow trials "merely to Stalin's ambition and vengefulness." It is ridiculous to suppose that Stalin would prejudice his country's foreign policy, and thereby an important part of his work "from the personal motives which schoolboys attribute to the heroes of their historical essays." Feuchtwanger sees the political differences which led to the trials, and cites Lenin's illuminating observation that "Trotsky's anti-Bolshevist past is no accident." It is, to some extent, with political problems in mind that Feuchtwanger gives his eye-witness account of the Radek-Pyatakov trial, though he includes a good deal of psychological explanation as well. For all its deficiencies, this chapter is an interesting contribution to the growing literature on the Moscow trials. The author, like every other eye-witness of that trial, was impressed by its authenticity. Moreover, he gives rational explanations of why the accused confessed and why their punishment was deserved.

Feuchtwanger does not conceal his own uncertainties with regard to various difficulties which still exist in the Soviet Union; but his sincere attempt to understand those difficulties and to state his limitations give him the moral



Theodore Scheel

"I believe in giving youth a chance. I was young once myself."

* MOSCOW, 1937: MY VISIT DESCRIBED FOR MY FRIENDS, *by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press.* $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right to say that "the attitude which many Western intellectuals have adopted towards the Soviet Union is short-sighted and without merit."

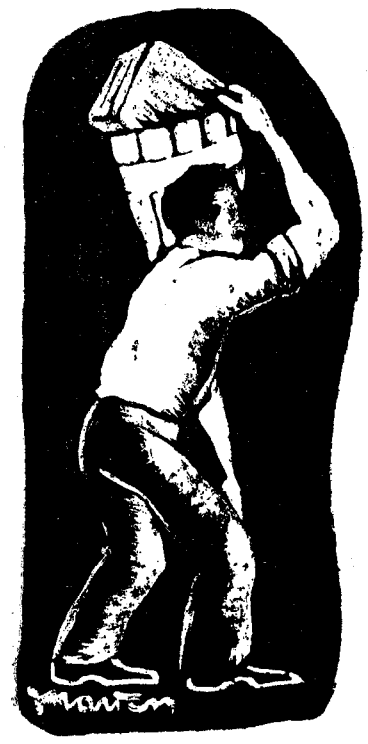
Indeed, Feuchtwanger's own book has been a touchstone for the attitude of certain intellectuals. When Gide published his distorted picture of the U.S.S.R., it was hailed by certain literati as a masterpiece of style, observation, and sincerity. You would think that these same gentlemen would be at least courteously attentive to the testimony of another observer, himself a distinguished writer. Instead, they dismiss Feuchtwanger's report as nothing more than an inadequate reply to Gide. By their standards, style, observation, and sincerity are the monopoly of those who misrepresent the Soviet Union.

What is most significant about this double standard of appraisal is that it antedates current political controversies. From the very beginning, the reactionary press and certain confused intellectuals have had notorious stock responses to eye-witness accounts of Soviet life. We may take the case of Bertrand Russell as the classic example of the pattern involved. Throughout the World War, Russell was a liberal pacifist. But in the spring of 1920, he published an essay in this magazine wherein, with reservations to be expected from such a source, he came out for communism in general and the Soviet regime in particular. He announced that he did so after having faced all the implications of armed class-conflict.

The press ignored this confession of faith by the distinguished British scientist. In the fall of 1920, however, Russell returned from a visit to the Soviet Union, and published in the *Nation* his second thoughts on Bolshevism. He now confessed that he had gone to Russia believing himself a Communist, and had found that he was not. He had been shocked by what he had seen in that country, and concluded that "kindliness and tolerance are worth all the creeds in the world." This statement was all the more striking since Russell had visited Soviet Russia with the British trade union delegation which had found all its hopes and expectations more than borne out by actual contact with the first socialist republic.

When Russell visited the Soviet Union in 1920, Lenin was alive, at the height of his vigor. Stalin had not yet "betrayed" socialism as it is understood by Park Avenue and Max Eastman. Yet the disillusioned English philosopher now described the Bolshevik regime as a tyranny supported by the equivalent of the czarist police, in the shadow of whose menace ordinary mortals live in terror. He prophesied that in time this regime would resemble any Asiatic despotism. In short, the U.S.S.R. of Lenin aroused those confusions in Russell which seventeen years later the U.S.S.R. of Stalin was to arouse in Gide.

To complete the pattern, Russell fled from the realities of Soviet Russia, then engaged in civil war, to the illusions of bourgeois England. Anticipating the distorted homesickness of John Dos Passos by seventeen years, the



Martin

philosopher announced that England had ever since 1688 been based on "kindliness and tolerance." The country he had in mind was the very one which had jailed him for moral opposition to the war, and which massacred the people of Ireland and India. From the frying-pan of a romantic notion of communism Russell fell into the fire of a romantic notion of capitalism.

This time the press was on its toes. Earlier, it had ignored Russell's faith in the Soviet Union; now it blazoned his disillusion in Lenin from coast to coast, without bothering to question causes or check conclusions. In the same way, seventeen years later, it ignored Gide's pro-Soviet writings but gave the fullest publicity to his melancholy misunderstanding of the U.S.S.R. And by the same token, certain editors and reviewers pay less attention to Feuchtwanger's saner observations and more mature reflections.

There is a line of shameful blindness, and often downright dishonesty, running through the anti-Soviet pamphleteers from John Spargo to Eugene Lyons, and a line of insight and hope from John Reed to Lion Feuchtwanger which experience confirms. For while confused intellectuals, caught in the morass of an earlier idealism from which they find it hard to extricate themselves, kept bewailing the deficiencies, the Soviet Union kept overcoming them; and while the nasty little liars ran to the reactionary papers with their cheap "inside dope" about Soviet life, the U.S.S.R. kept on developing and entrenching that great historic truth which has been its destiny.

That truth may naturally have been dim to many when Bertrand Russell returned tearfully from the U.S.S.R. Today, when fascism bombs cities on three continents, and the Soviet Union, triumphant in its socialist economy, stands as a bulwark of democracy and peace, there can be no excuse for the André Gides. Those who have tasted the blessings of fascism—and Lion Feuchtwanger is one of them—know better what the real issues are. His experience of two worlds is condensed in the simple affirmation: "It does one good after all the compromise of the West to see an achievement such as this, to which a man can say yes, yes, yes, with all his heart."

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

American "Dependence"

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY AMERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY, *by Quincy Howe. Simon & Schuster.* $2.00.

QUINCY HOWE, one-time editor of *Living Age,* has written a book with a message. He pleads, in brief, for the complete isolation of the United States in world affairs, especially on issues of war and peace. Towards that end, he proposes a mandatory neutrality act on the present style without the "cash-and-carry" clause as well as certain vague measures designed to make this country "self-sufficient."

In the development of his program, Mr. Howe hangs most of his arguments on the alleged domination of American policy, especially in foreign spheres, by the clever islanders. In his opinion, this country has been no more and no less than an innocent appendage of Great Britain and, more particularly, of the British Foreign Office. Presidents Wilson, Hoover, and Roosevelt had this much in common, according to Mr. Howe: they were all so many puppets with strings extending beyond the Atlantic into the City, Downing Street, and Buckingham. Because he dislikes this alleged dependence, he would entirely cut adrift from all international allegiances. Everything that looks like collective security or international coöperation is really a British snare. He reiterates at various points that the Communist International is blind to this situation and really agrees in its assumptions with reactionaries of various kinds. To escape from the ever-present Britishers, Mr. Howe advises us to escape from the world.

Sometimes Mr. Howe has to strain a point in order to fit the facts into his scheme. He readily admits that "It would be difficult to name any two countries that have fewer common interests or more points of difference than Great Britain and the United States." If so, why not conflict rather than a "coöperation" which always favors Britain? That this is a tough one may be gathered from Mr. Howe's solution. Alone among the great powers, the United States bases its policy not on "its natural resources, its social order, its population density, its technical equipment, and its geographic equipment," but rather "on an entirely different and quite intangible factor." The American ruling class has been hypnotized by "ancestral ties of language, tradition, and blood" to such extent that "it adapts its own selfish interests—not to mention the interests of the country as a whole—to the needs and desires of the British Foreign Office." Idealistic makeshifts of this kind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are mere subterfuges by which one avoids the more difficult problems encountered in coming at grips with the material conditions underlying political policies.

The book offers two kinds of evidence. The bulk of it is of the very "popular" kind, such as the fact that most of the foreign correspondents of the New York *Times* are British subjects, or that the English-Speaking Union has more than a sneaking admiration for British manners, or that most of the honorary degrees given by Harvard to foreigners go to the British. The second kind of evidence is taken from history. As might be expected, some of history is open to suspicion. Especially is this true of Mr. Howe's handling of the Far East. The antagonisms between Great Britain and the United States are most intense in this part of the world. And the history of the last twenty years plentifully confirms this view. Mr. Howe's treatment of American and British policy in the Far East will make every student of the subject writhe with pain.

He would make the Washington Naval Conference of 1921-22 and the Paris Reparations Conference of 1929-30 just "fumbling efforts [by the United States] to pursue an imperialist policy of its own." The fact is that the Washington Naval Conference was a triumph for American policy in the Far East, a triumph which would have proved costly for Japan had not Great Britain betrayed its obligations under the Nine-Power Treaty during the Manchurian crisis. In another place, he would make it appear that Secretary of State Stimson was out of step with everybody but himself in 1931-33, whereas in fact, Stimson was simply trying to carry out the letter of the agreement made in 1922 by Secretary of State Hughes.

Mr. Howe's basic mistake is in his interpretation of British policy since the World War. He views it as nothing more than defense of the status quo. It has been nothing of the sort. Official British policy since the World War has supported the status quo only when it suited its needs, but it has just as frequently renounced the status quo on the same grounds. This accomplice of Hitlerism in Germany through financial and other support, the accomplice of Japan in Manchuria, the accomplice of German and Italian intervention in Spain today betrays the status quo. Mr. Howe's viewpoint on this critical question is completely at odds with the facts. In addition, it is dangerous in the extreme, for it would lessen our vigilance towards British imperialism as the active promoter and supporter of world reaction.

One more point. Mr. Howe's bias against collective security and Soviet policy leads him into some startling contradictions. In discussing recognition of the Soviet Union by President Roosevelt, he observes that "shortly after Litvinov had been invited to Washington, Japanese troops stopped maneuvering near the two chief points of embarkation for a possible anti-Soviet expedition. Mr. Roosevelt had made it clear that if Japan attacked Russia, the United States would intervene. Even Mr. Hoover had never gone so far in committing the country to war in Asia."

This is sheer illogic. In one sentence we learn that American recognition stopped the Japanese from a possible attack against the Soviet Union. Two sentences later we are told that this action committed the country to war in Asia. Presumably by stopping a Japanese threat against the U.S.S.R. Would peace for America have been served by an actual war in the Far East?

If Mr. Howe had limited himself to a temperate statement of British imperialist influence in the United States, he would have done some good in clearing up an important aspect of American policy. But his anxiety to startle through the absolute denial of the objective existence of a profound Anglo-American antagonism in world politics has led him into writing not only a flimsy but a fallacious book.

THEODORE DRAPER.

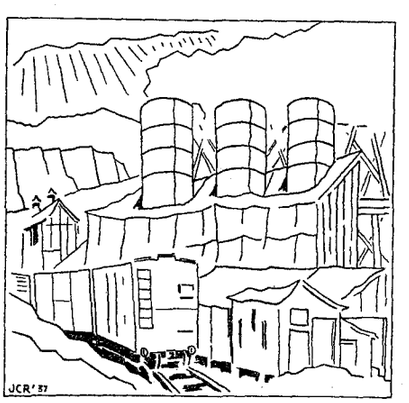
The Back Room

WHIRLPOOL, *by David Lamson. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.

RUNAROUND, *by Benjamin Appel. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50

THE average American knows next to nothing about the actual functioning of our political system. His contact with the courts is limited to probating a will or paying a fine for a traffic violation. He has learned that politics is a nasty business because he has been forced to stand on line like a criminal, under the eyes of the "watchers," before he could cast his vote. These two novels take him behind the scenes into a more important participation than he usually enjoys. Through them he suffers the valuable, though mercifully the vicarious, experience of becoming involved in the more vital operations of our courts and the day-to-day operation of political parties.

In *We Who Are About to Die* Mr. Lamson had previously written of his own desperate frame of mind when convicted upon circumstantial evidence of the murder of his wife. Now he turns the same type of situation into a novel. *Whirlpool* is the story of Hannibal, a young farmer, who fights with his brother over the latter's wife. The brother disappears. Some three years later the bones of a man are dug up on a neighboring farm. Its owner has quarreled with young Hannibal, who has the reputation of being irascible and independent. On the basis of these presumptions, public opinion gathers momentum, and declares Hannibal guilty. In outline, it is the same story that has become familiar through several recent motion pictures. The sheriff compensates for his stupidity by cruelty. The district attorney needs to build a reputation. The newspapers perform their customary heartless function of inciting the public.



J. C. Rogers

What gives this story its particular value is the thoroughness with which these several interests are related to one another. For Lamson has not simply composed *An American Tragedy* in reverse by taking an innocent man instead of a guilty. In the introspective passages where Hannibal becomes conscious of his helplessness, the grave fatalistic style is caught from Dreiser's earlier work. But the book is for the most part focused on the objective situation.

It faithfully reproduces the country dialect, the small-town personality, though it builds upon the darker side of the American "folk." The cadences of dialect no longer evoke a mystic devotion to agriculture. They convey the jealousies involved in ownership of property: jealousy of the more prosperous concealed by deference to his authority, jealousy of the less fortunate awaiting opportunity for revenge, for he, too, has had his "rights" and his bit of neighboring property. The execution sentence imposed on Hannibal would have been impossible without the insane stratification of modern society, by means of which the disgust that should be directed against the banker and the office-holder is diverted towards those who are equally helpless and obscure.

Mr. Appel's novel takes us inside the political machine, down into its basic apparatus. If it is read directly after Mr. Lamson's book, it is a startling revelation of how the political machinery which is supposed to secure our democracy becomes instead a method of popular control in the hands of those possessing economic power. The method of divide and rule applies as well to the ward politician as to the statesmen plotting the destiny of nations. The international spy has his counterpart in every city ward, where the Fusion boss may be secretly allied with Tammany, and one attempts to gain control of the husband by seducing the wife, only to discover that the husband is allowing his wife to be used as decoy.

Anyone who thinks a bourgeois political party consists of a confraternity of zealots marching with brotherly solidarity against its opponents is bound to be disillusioned. It turns out to be a temporary necessary truce of ruthless personal ambitions. The only common element is the desire to make a living without working in the ordinary sense. But the different races are suspicious of one another, the uncouth politician dislikes the educated, and each one is seeking to double-cross the other, while the boss stands ready to reward the double-cross that is most to his advantage. These hatreds are hidden by a jovial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Spain!

America had its "BIRTH OF A NATION"; the U.S.S.R. had its "POTEMKIN"—and now, the first screened story of Spain's heroic struggle for freedom. . . .

THE FIRST NOTABLE FEATURE-LENGTH MOTION-PICTURE FILMED IN WAR-TORN SPAIN

THE SPANISH EARTH

By the distinguished Dutch director
JORIS IVENS

Commentary and narration by
ERNEST HEMINGWAY

—COLLABORATORS—
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH
LILLIAN HELLMAN

Starting FRIDAY noon, AUG. 20

55th ST. PLAYHOUSE East of 7th Ave. Tel: CO 5-0425
CONTINUOUS NOON TO MIDNIGHT

Malcolm COWLEY

EDITOR OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

Recently Returned from a Two-Months' Stay in Spain

Will Speak on

Behind the Lines in Spain

GEORGE SOULE, *CHAIRMAN*

WED. AUG. 25, 8:30 p.m.

at

NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
66 W. 12th St. New York

Admission: 50 cents
First Five Rows $1.00

Auspices:
NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY & LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS

YOU WILL WANT IT AGAIN AND — AGAIN —

AFTER READING THIS ISSUE OF THE NEW MASSES, SO WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Special Trial Subscription
15 WEEKS for $1.00

NEW MASSES, 31 E. 27th St., New York
I enclose $1.00 for which please send me the New Masses for 15 weeks.

Name .....

Addres .....

City .....

Occupation..... 8-24
No Agent's commission on this special offer.

rotarian exterior until the sudden fist fight smashes through to reality.

Into this mess comes a young New York boy who believes he can win a living through politics. He advances to the point of becoming secretary to an assistant district leader. But both find their actual reward is a humdrum job on a white-collar W.P. A. project. It is regrettable in the light of the coming elections in New York City that the politicians are all of the Fusion Party. But here Appel introduces one character whose presence perhaps distinguishes Fusion circles from the Tammany tradition. The assistant district leader, a certain Sleepy Collohan, had once been active in a labor union. Though he has become as cynical as the rest, he automatically retains something of his former attitude. He hates scabs and race prejudice. He is the most interesting character in the book, and one wishes Mr. Appel had given him more attention. For, unfortunately, men act in life from just such unresolved conflicts in basic points of view until a change of circumstances simplifies the situation for them.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

An Editor Confesses

PULPWOOD EDITOR, *by Harold Hersey. Stokes & Co.* $3.00.

"SLICKS," like *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* lavish with make-up and costly writers, sell at five cents. Pulpwood magazines, with their cheap paper, tawdry "art," and wretchedly paid fiction, are priced at ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents. Yet they sell ten million copies a month, precisely to the public that can least afford the money.

This would seem a freak were it not for still another apparent freak in magazine economics. It costs from two to four times as much to produce a copy of a slick as the public pays for it, yet *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* thrive mightily. A "pulp" is lucky if it makes a fraction of a cent per copy even at the high price it charges.

The explanation, of course, is the vast revenue the slicks get from advertisers of automobiles, grand pianos, high-priced radios, motor boats, air conditioning, cruises, and other items out of reach of those who read the pulps. Hence these merchandisers scorn the pulps as advertising mediums and lavish their appropriations on the slicks. At the same time, these potent gentlemen, with both eyes fixed on the prosperous middle class, mold the content character of the slicks, with the hearty coöperation of the money-men who own the magazines. The result is that the language the slicks speak, the things they say, the values they set up, the middle-class equipment required for the full enjoyment of their stories, leave the people of the low-income brackets cold and drive them to the pulps for reading matter.

How do the pulps meet this opportunity? Harold Hersey in his book, *Pulpwood Editor,* gives the answer more comprehensively, perhaps, than he meant to do. He has himself

Witness the 20th Anniversary of the RUSSIAN REVOLUTION in MOSCOW

WITH VISITS TO
LENINGRAD, KHARKOV, KIEV.

A selective group tour under authoritative leadership.

See the Soviet Union in the festival month of November when theatres and other activities are at their height.

Sailing October 20 in the "Queen Mary;" back in New York November 23.

Inclusive rate with Third Class steamship passage and Second Class in U.S.S.R.:

$389

THE OPEN ROAD
RUSSIAN TRAVEL DEP'T
8 West 40th Street New York
Cooperating with Intourist

What is your stand on the SOVIET UNION Today?

Are you a disillusioned radical?

Are you a Utopian liberal?

Are you shocked by recent events in Soviet Russia?

Are you a fair-weather friend?

For a forthright and stirring answer to the critics of recent events in Soviet Russia, read: "Faith in the Soviet Union," by Corliss Lamont, noted writer and lecturer, in

the AUGUST Issue of

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY

now on newsstands 15c a copy

If your bookstore or newsstand cannot supply you, send to *SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY.*
824 Broadway, N. Y. C.

MUSIC LOVERS—100,000 of the finest records in the world on sale at 50c and 75c per record (value $1.50 and $2.00). The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc., of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc. Mail Orders, Catalogue.

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP, INC.
18 East 48th Street New York

AMERICAN ARTISTS SCHOOL

Day, evening and week-end classes

Fall term beginning September 13th

Write or phone for catalog
131 West 14th Street, New York City.
Phone: CHelsea 5-9621

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edited scores of pulpwood magazines and is neither better nor worse than the average of his kind. His book betrays, therefore, both the specimen and the species. This, for instance, is his picture of his public:

> Ever the monster sits at my elbow—the reader whom I must please. I never forget for an instant that I am dealing with a penny-pinching psychology. If you have ever gazed upon the average citizen of the republic as he fumbles uncertainly for money in his jeans or in a pocketbook equipped with metal clasps and compartments, while you wondered if he would buy your magazine or the other fellow's, you would appreciate the oafish stubborn resistance that must be overcome. And when you watched him walk away, after having read a story, and leaving dirty fingerprints on the pages that he flipped over free of charge, his tiny soul impervious to the gay riot of color on the newsstand, then you wonder why you work so hard to please him.

The pulpwood magazine cover, he writes, "must be simplified for a moronic mind." If the contents don't sell the pulp, Hersey describes a device whereby the cover may turn the trick. "Instruct the artist to arrange the picture so that, if folded in a certain way, it would produce a frankly suggestive effect." Then a letter is sent to the newsstand dealers. "Don't let anyone fold the upper right-hand corner over the left." Needless to say, the first thing the newsdealer does is to fold the cover precisely as he was told not to do. Whereupon the magazine becomes an "under-the-counter" item in wide demand.

What do the Herseys feed their public? Anything that will sell, of course. Therein Hersey is no worse than his opulent colleagues of the slicks, except that in feeding the pulp you can use cruder ingredients. One of Hersey's efforts to please his public, for example, was to found *Gangster Stories*. But his public would not have it as a steady diet, and Hersey lost money. In the depth of the depression, Hersey felt he could cash in on the theme of suicide uppermost in the minds of many and launched *Suicide Stories*, but again it was a wrong guess.

Nevertheless, here at work obviously is the psychology of the narcotic peddler. How literally this is true is borne out amusingly enough by Hersey's effort to make money by warring on evils in drugs. Someone offered to finance a publication that would show up the quackery of some doctors and druggists who promote nostrums. Hersey then founded another pulp, *Medical Horrors*. One of the articles was an exposé of the drug racket.

Inside of twenty-four hours after the magazine appeared, Hersey began to hear from the drug business interests. In what the New York *Times* calls a "self-respecting book," Hersey describes his spiritual dilemma. "The problem resolved itself quickly into whether I should endanger my business by sticking to my guns, or spike them at once. My decision was promptly reached and carried out. *Medical Horrors* ceased publication."

Some advertisements appear in the pulps. Hersey describes them. Here is a "rejuvenator sealed in plain wrapper"; at so much a package the reader can recover sexual youth. Another offers for sale a "comparatively inexpensive means to keep the reader physically and mentally fit so that he can take the hero's part in any adventure he reads or dreams about."

The influence of the Herseys on writers is summed up by him simply. "The successful beginner soon learns to think of quantity rather than quality." And what is Hersey's attitude toward the laborer and his hire? This is how to wangle the budget for a typical pulp number. "Our serial, *Threads of Destiny*," writes the man who so scorns penny-pinching in his public, "cost us five hundred dollars. It is a bargain at the price as it was a rejected manuscript, and the author was willing to take the cash . . . one hundred and thirty dollars is left with which we must purchase twenty thousand words at a fraction of over half a cent a word. We have just managed to wiggle through by robbing the unknown Peters to pay the well-known Pauls in the writing profession." At the same time Hersey warns solemnly that "preoccupation with money on the part of a writer goes along with poverty of imagination. No penny-pincher has ever won lasting favor with the masses."

From the kind of editor that sees the typical pulp reader today still using a pocketbook with metal clasps and compartments, one can expect failure at his job. And pulp magazines do die, one after another. But new ones replace them just as fast. Ten million farmhands, seamen, factory workers, domestics, five-and-ten clerks, garment workers, miners, tired at the end of a day's grind, seeking to forget an economic system that drives them to narcotics in their reading, buy these pulps. Ten million more borrow them. There is a hunger there. And what are writers who feel social responsibility doing to feed this hunger?

PHILIP SAHREN.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Profits of War, by Richard Lewinsohn. E. P. Dutton. $3.

After the Genteel Tradition, edited by Malcolm Cowley. W. W. Norton. $2.75.

Illusion and Reality: A Study of the Sources of Poetry, by Christopher Cauldwell. Macmillan. London.

Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood, by Leane Zugsmith. Random. $1.50.

Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris, by Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. Vanguard. $3.

A Maverick American, by Maury Maverick. Covici-Friede. $3.

Attitudes Toward History, by Kenneth Burke, in two vols. New Republic. $1 per vol.

Three Comrades, by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown. $2.75.

Twilight of a World, by Franz Werfel. Viking. $3.

Conversation at Midnight, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. $2.

War on Saturday Week, by Ruth Adam. J. B. Lippincott. $2.50.

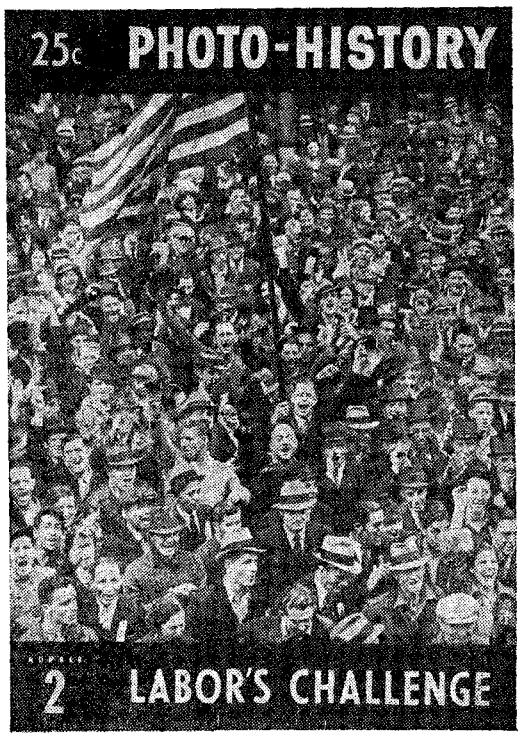
The Making of a Hero, by Nicholas Ostrovski. E. P. Dutton. $2.50.

Children of Strangers, by Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Negro Genius, by Benjamin Brawley. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism, by Robert A. Brady. Viking. $3.

2ND SMASH-HIT ISSUE!



PULSATING PICTURE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT

—from the first unorganized strikes in Colonial America to the latest victories of the C. I. O.

68 pages of living labor news. Over 200 historic pictures. A vivid resume of labor's struggle for freedom and the right to organize. With articles by Senator Robert F. Wagner, Mary Heaton Vorse, John T. Bobbitt, Edward Levinson, and Meyer Levin. A living history that every *live* person will want to read and keep.

PHOTO-HISTORY

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Send $1 for 1 year sub. Be sure of every issue

We have a limited number of copies of Photo-History's first issue "WAR IN SPAIN." While they last we will send them to yearly subscribers who use this coupon—FREE.

Tear off and Return

NOW 25c

PHOTO-HISTORY, 155 E. 44th St., New York

I enclose $1, for which please send me PHOTO-HISTORY for one year (4 issues), and a free copy of your first issue "WAR IN SPAIN," in accordance with your Special Offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

NM 8-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Joris Ivens's "The Spanish Earth" and Hollywood's "Dead End"—The good and bad of Gershwin

NEW YORKERS are indeed privileged. Joris Ivens's long-awaited film, *The Spanish Earth* (released by Contemporary Historians), is now running at the 55th Street Playhouse. Every true friend of the Spanish people, every lover of democracy, everyone who is vitally interested in great art in the cinema, should see this film. It is regrettable, therefore, that the film could not open simultaneously in every city and town in the United States. It is common knowledge by now that the commercial distributors reacted very favorably toward the film, but that they were afraid to handle it for fear of the attitude the Legion of Decency and other reactionary organizations might take.

It is difficult to find adequate expressions to describe the film. The old clichés have become shop-worn. And yet, one must of necessity resort to them. For the film is moving and stirring. And it is also sensitive, poetic, hard, terrifying, and optimistic about the fate of the Spanish people. Those are queer terms to apply to a film that deals with a war.

Those who saw the Ivens's films for the first time last year (NEW MASSES, March 31, 1936) will recognize the artist. Not only is he the creator of the most important documentary film that has been made, but also a man who began as a sensitive amateur with *Rain* and developed to a mature artist with *The Spanish Earth.* In giving me his views on the documentary film about a year ago, Ivens remarked that: "All we can do with it is to accuse and show the way. Unlike the acted film, there was no possibility of identification with the actor, or emotional relationship to the development of the plot. Thus we can never indicate the future."

And so, before he left for Spain, Ivens, together with Lillian Hellman and Archibald MacLeish, wrote a scenario. It was to be an enacted film. A film that would attempt to create the widest possible sympathy for the Spanish people in the same way most movies establish sympathy for their heroes. But when Ivens got to Spain, when he saw the war at the front and the battle with the land at the rear, he soon realized that "men cannot act before the camera in the presence of death." Instead he saw that the "Spanish earth is dry and hard, and the faces of the men who work that earth are hard and dry from the sun."

Thus he abandoned the original script for one determined by actuality. With Hemingway he set about planning a film on the basis of what was then taking place. Together with John Ferno, a young Dutch photographer who had worked with Ivens before, they made their film. They went into the front-line trenches and worked and fought on an equal basis with the defenders of Madrid, and the brave defenders of the Madrid-Valencia highway. After several months in Spain, Ivens and Hemingway came back with ten thousand feet of film. With his most capable co-worker, Helen van Dongen, Ivens turned his raw film into a brilliant motion picture. It represents a wonderful example of coöperative effort. Marc Blitzstein and Virgil Thompson arranged the music, and Irving Reis, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, supervised the recording. Everyone connected with the film understood what was wanted. They all believed in what the film had to depict: "The men, who never fought before, who were not trained in arms, who only wanted work and food, fight on."

The Spanish Earth does everything Ivens maintained a documentary film could not do. There may be no identification with any one actor, but there most certainly is a very positive identification with the people of Spain. There is every identification with the peasants who for fifty years wanted to irrigate their land but were held back by the landlords. There is every identification, both intellectual and emotional, with the people of Madrid who stay in their city under the barbaric shelling by the fascists because (as Hemingway says): "These are their homes. Here is their war. This is their fight. The fight to be allowed to live as human beings."

In the first minutes of the film, we are shown soldiers going into battle. The off-screen voice says: "This is the true face of men going into action. It is a little different from any other face you will ever see." *The Spanish Earth,* in the same way, is different from any other film you have ever seen.

This has really been a swell season for the motion pictures. In addition to *The Spanish Earth,* we have had in little more than a month *They Won't Forget, The Life of Emile Zola,* and now Samuel Goldwyn's production of *Dead End* (United Artists). Produced with the care that is typical of Mr. Goldwyn, the film speaks out openly against poverty, the slums, and their consequences. Its major message, of course, is that slums breed crime. It also brings into sharp contrast the lives of the rich (who live next door to the tenements) with those tough little kids of the street. Lillian Hellman, who has written a swell script, preserves the minor motif of police brutality in a strike situation which was in playwright Kingsley's original.

Milt Groth

This version will inevitably be compared with the Norman Bel Geddes's stage production. As such it will suffer. It isn't that the film has lost any dynamic quality in the process of cleaning up the street language, but rather that, except for a few small passages, Director William Wyler's production hasn't too much imagination. The set on the stage had terrific realism. But the same set (it is even a little more elaborate) on the screen remains only a set, artificial. It is very much like the motion-picture set of *Winterset.* But *Winterset* at least, consciously formalized the set into a symbol. After the first half hour I felt as though I were being hemmed in by the set and the rectangular screen. The spectator actually got a *feeling* for the slum; you were actually able to smell the place.

On the other hand, Wyler gives us two very remarkable scenes: the first between Baby-Face Martin (Humphrey Bogart) and his mother; the second between Martin and his former girl friend turned prostitute. When she says, "You're looking at me as I was; look at me now!", and throws her face from the shadow into the hard sunlight, the effect is tremendous. Sylvia Sydney plays the sister of the gang leader. Her part has been enlarged to suit the film and its new romantic needs. She doesn't have much opportunity for extended acting, but she does succeed in giving a warm characterization of a typical New York working girl.

PETER ELLIS.

GERSHWIN'S MUSIC

IF the audience of over twenty thousand that jammed the Lewisohn Stadium in New York on August 9 came to praise Gershwin, it was immediately obvious that the musicians were expressly out to bury him. The Gershwin Memorial Concert incidentally broke the Stadium attendance record (set at one of Gershwin's own evenings in 1932), but its objective—despite all well-meaning motives—was iconoclastic: smashing a legend, throwing a cruelly harsh spotlight on the feet of clay that had lately supported the god of Tin Pan Alley. Ferde Grofé and Alexander Smallens conducted, Harry Kaufman played the piano, Ethel Merman and members of the original *Porgy and Bess* cast sang. All of them are presumably great admirers of the composer, but they could hardly have done him greater disservice than by their clumsy performances that exposed every flaw and patch of the *Concerto in F, Porgy and Bess, An American in Paris;* even the *Rhapsody in Blue* seemed to justify the most disparaging criticism that has been heaped on these works in the past. The latent enthusiasm of the crowd evaporated and only an occasional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magical moment gave an indication of its potential force: Todd Duncan's incomparable projection of "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'" and Ethel Merman (woefully miscast in "The Man I Love" and "You Can't Take That Away From Me") going at last to town in "I Got Rhythm." At the 1932 concert I had one of the most literally thrilling musical experiences I had ever known when thousands of subdued hummed voices took up the andante tune of the *Rhapsody* and transfigured it from sloppy lushness into an incredibly rich and strange wave of song, a tonal tide that flooded the entire stadium. The other evening it was taken up again, but a large part of the audience was filing impatiently to the gates; no longer a miracle, the old sorcery was blurred and nearly impotent.

Bored and disheartened I watched the thunderclouds gather in the darkening sultry sky, and I thought the interruption of a storm would be perfectly appropriate to this anti-climactic end of a career. Since the audacious clarinet glissando of the white hope of jazz first signed (in Goldberg's* phrase) American music's Declaration of Independence, the deflating process has worked even more steadily than Gershwin's creative activity. The *Second Rhapsody* and *Rhumba* have already been forgotten, the great American folk opera was a sputtering rocket that didn't quite go off, even the songsmith's craftsmanship seemed sterile and shaky in the *Shall We Dance* film music. Perhaps Gershwin was written out, perhaps he had never fully found himself. His death in Hollywood removed any possibility of an answer. All we know is that an astonishing career ended "not with a bang, but with a whimper."

CRITICAL GRAVE-DIGGERS and autopsy performers are always on the job, indeed they have seldom been known to wait until the death certificate is signed. They had marked out Gershwin long ago, and he played into their hands as prodigally as into those of his ecstatic admirers. There never was any concealment of his weaknesses, and one has only to reread the première reviews of his major works to be reminded that the critical fraternity missed no frailty. Then, too, Gershwin was led on by his ambition and his intellectual friends to overreach himself. He had to wrestle with the wraith of symphonic jazz, to have a fling at the great American opera. He used the rewards of his early success to study hard and work hard, but a grasp of the large forms isn't something that can be learned. He attained enough of a grasp of instrumentation to belie the Grofé legend, but orchestration is much more than instrumentation and it, too, is nothing that can be acquired. Grofé himself, for all his exciting Pandora's bag of tricks, hasn't got it, whereas Duke Ellington apparently was blessed with it from the cradle. The gods omitted some gifts from the largesse they showered on Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and Wolf; Gershwin could hardly have been expected to succeed where they failed. A few of the larger works hang on by virtue of a few pregnant passages, even the *Rhapsody* exists as an entity because (again to quote Gershwin's biographer) "the whole of the *Rhapsody* is greater than the sum of its parts."

It is impossible for any American growing up in the twenties to evaluate the *Rhapsody in Blue* with any degree of dispassion. We can't pass impartial, critical judgment on music that has so much extra-musical meaning for us. Like so many of the Gershwin songs, the *Rhapsody* has resounded in our ears, on our tongues, and under our fingers so long that it has passed into our bloodstreams. And it would be beside the point to dissect it; its faults and merits by themselves give no indication of the significance it assumed from the very first performance in 1924. It said something we were waiting to hear, in our own voices and our own language, and we cannot forget it.

Apart from the *Rhapsody,* the accepted Gershwin legacy simmers down to the songs, and even his detractors, reluctantly agreeing to their perfection, are forced to change their ground and belittle the form itself. Which is ridiculous. The cult of size is an untenable one in any art. We do not esteem Dowland, Wolf, Duparc, and Fauré the less because their finest work was in the song form. Like them Gershwin was born to it, and perfected himself in its particular craftsmanship. A creator of ideas and motifs rather than long lines and elaborate webs, his best tonal inventions are sharp, many-faceted gems, cut and polished with painstaking care and taste. Yet they have none of the icy sparkle of jewels; there is true warmth and glowing fire in their depths. He turned out many synthetic stones in the Broadway tradition, some mediocre, others good representative examples of their *genre.* But there is also a handful marked by genius, and one has only to run through the *Gershwin Song Book* to recognize its unmistakable stamp.

It is ironic that Gershwin critics have denied him or ignored one of the two finest qualities in his best songs, the delicacy of sentiment, the masculine tenderness that distinguishes this Jewish boy (born Jacob Gershwin in Brooklyn, brought up as a Tin Pan Alley plugger), as heir to one of the great traditions of English music. Daniel Gregory Mason, in his *Tune In, America,* pontificates at length over the poisonous domination of Jewish tastes and standards on music in America, and particularly New York—"Oriental extravagance, sensuous brilliancy and intellectual facility and superficiality . . . general tendency to exaggeration and disproportion . . . poignant eroticism and pessimism." If Gershwin's work had no other significance it would still be of vital importance in refuting such Ur-Nazism. His songs—concerned as they are with the popular convention of love—are far removed from both eroticism and sentimentality. Hear again "Do Do Do," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "So Are You," "My One and Only" to see how remote Gershwin is from both the usual Alley

* GEORGE GERSHWIN: A STUDY IN AMERICAN MUSIC, *by Isaac Goldberg. Simon and & Schuster.*

HILLTOP LODGE
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, NEW YORK
ON SYLVAN LAKE
(65 Miles from New York)

★ Tennis Courts ★ Handball
★ Golf ★ Horses
★ Pingpong ★ Excellent Food
★ Forums, Socials, Theatricals ★ Dancing to Fine Orchestra

RATES: PER WEEK
$22.50 $24.00 $27.50
New York Office: COrtlandt 7-3958
NEW YORK CENTRAL TO PAWLING, N. Y.

TENNIS
Directed by MURRAY PINCUS
is a major sport at
UNCAS LODGE
UNCASVILLE, CONN.

Plays—Activities Directed by JESS KIMMEL N. Y. U. DRAMATIC SOCIETY

- 3 Fast Clay Tennis Courts
- Private Twin Lakes
- Boating—Fishing
- Handball—Ping-Pong
- Saddle Horses and Golf
- Orchestra for Dancing

INFORMAL ATMOSPHERE
RATE: $24.50 per week. $4.00 Daily.
Management: DIANA AND ABE BERMAN
Phone: Norwich 1858—Ring 5
New York: PResident 3-8649.

The Fieldstone
on Round Lake
A place of unexcelled beauty for rest and recreation in the heart of the Ramapo Mountains, one hour from New York.
Swimming, boating, tennis, riding, golf and other sports.
P. O. BOX 297 MONROE, N. Y.
TELEPHONE: MONROE 2501
A descriptive folder will be sent at your request. By Reservation Only.

Camp Unity
WINGDALE, N. Y. Tel.: Wingdale 51
Located at the foot of the Berkshire Mountains on Lake Ellis. Facilities for boating, swimming, all sports and social activities, riding, tennis, dancing in the spacious Casino-on-the-Lake.
WEEKEND RATES $3.00 per day
WEEKLY RATES: $17.00 FOR TENTS $19.00 FOR BUNGALOWS
CAMP CARS
Leave Cooperative Houses, 2700 Bronx Park E. Friday 10:30 A.M.; 2:30 P.M.; 7:00 P.M. Sat. 10:30 A.M.; 7:00 P.M.; Sun. 10:00 A.M.
New York City Office, 50 East 13th Street
Tel.: ALg. 4-1148

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG
MENU
Fast Clay Tennis Courts, Real Handball, Swimming, Ping-Pong, Skating, Fencing, Bicycling, Solariums, Badminton, Archery, Arts and Crafts, Unusual Films, Fine Library, Musicals, Open Fireplaces, Dancing—and things and stuff!
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS
IF the setting counts heavily with you—if abundant sports, fascinating friendship, inviting quarters and tempting "vittels" compose *your* idea of an exhilarating vacation, be good to yourself. Come to the Zunbarg. LOW RATES.
Write for Folder
Telephone: FALLSBURG 53
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

"for your child's sake"
CAMP WO-CHI-CA *for boys & girls (ages 9-15)*
PROGRESSIVE—MODERN
NON PROFIT MAKING
FEW REGISTRATIONS OPEN
Camp Office — 80 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.
Phone: ST. 9-1357

Royal Hotel and Country Club
GREENFIELD PARK NEW YORK
On the scenic hills of the
SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAINS
BEN SHAW and group from New Theatre League. Artef Artists and Floridian Marionettes. All sports, dancing nightly.
Rates: $22.50 and up
DAY CAMP FOR CHILDREN
For information call — New York Office, 521 Fifth Avenue — MUrray Hill 2-6773.
Management: H. Davis & J. Doroshkin.

MAUD'S SUMMER-RAY
NORTH BRANCH SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.
HOTEL-CAMP FACILITIES
—Horseback Riding—
Handball—Tennis—Swimming—Rowing
"Air-Conditioned" Rates
200 acres of hiking. Enjoy fresh, delicious food.
MODICOTT PUPPETS
SYMPHONIC STRING QUARTET
PROFESSIONAL THEATRICALS
Bus: Sullivan County Bus Line, 242 W. 34th Street.
1368 Jerome Avenue, Bronx, New York.
Trains: Erie R. R. 23rd Street or Chambers Street. Ferry, Stop at Callicoon Station.
Phone: Callicoon 95, *City information:* DI 2-5786.

FUN FOR ALL!
All sports facilities
Private lake
Swimming pool!
Social and theatrical program directed by JOHN FORD, New York stage director of "STEEL."
Reasonable rates.
COOKS FALLS LODGE
COOKS FALLS, NEW YORK
N. Y. Office—250 W. 57th Street
Phone: COlumbus 5-3690
RESERVE NOW!

caterwauling and the stickiness of many a famous "serious" song writer. In their simplicity, directness, and freshness it is no affectation to say they are akin (for all the difference in idiom) to many of the Elizabethan airs, still the purest treasure of English song. There are extravagance, superficiality, disproportion enough in his larger works, but there he was floundering. In the songs he is economic, sure-handed, and sure-headed, and he strikes cleanly home. As for pessimism, the other great quality of Gershwin's best work is its exuberant spontaneity, the gusty lift one finds in the opening of the *Rhapsody,* "Clap Yo' Hands," "I Got Rhythm," the "Wintergreen for President" parade in *Of Thee I Sing*—all of them in his own (and our) musical speech, not merely vulgar or high-spirited, but a distinctive and optimistic utterance, as American-to-the-core as that of Mark Twain, or—in music—"Turkey in the Straw" and "Oh, Susanna."

Gershwin's lively mind was prey to too many influences: the manifestos of such lively art spokesmen as Seldes and Van Vechten, the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, foreign contemporaries such as Milhaud (whose *Création du Monde*, written a year before the *Rhapsody in Blue,* echoes in many of the latter work's most characteristic passages), the cult of the pseudo-spiritual exhibited so strongly in *Porgy and Bess.* But subtract them all and there is a residue, small but precious, of pure Gershwiniana, and it is for that he will be remembered.

For that (in actual achievement) and for what he meant to us. Many a popular tunesmith has influenced us more than we realize. The tune hits that everyone hears and sings and thinks he forgets sink into our subconscious. Gershwin more than any other has shaped our experience, for his were not only tunes that we remembered longer than others: their greater solidity and pointedness, their moving grace and tenderness struck more deeply than the rest, permitted a greater accretion of feeling and association. He gave voice to something that was inexpressible in ourselves, shop girl and street cleaner and intellectual alike. For the first time since Stephen Foster, Americans and the American temperament found musical expression. All our "serious" composers, the MacDowells, the Parkers, the Chadwicks, and the more or less hard-boiled composers of today have missed it, just as Gershwin did when he tried hardest to write "American music." But when he whipped up the *Rhapsody in Blue* to meet Whiteman's rapidly approaching concert date, when he busily manufactured the Broadway show "numbers" by which he made his living, he became articulate.

George Zaetz

GREEN MANSIONS
A COMPLETE MODERN CAMP FOR ADULTS
in the
ADIRONDACKS
New 22-room Club-house, each room with private bath.
Private golf course, tennis courts, handball courts, and all other sport facilities.
Professional Theatrical Company. Chamber Music.
Full Schedule of Rates on Request.
LENA BARISH SAM GARLEN
Directors.
New York City Office: 11 W. 42 St.
Telephone: BRyant 9-1738.
GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.

Hunts-Brook Lodge
OAKDALE CONNECTICUT
600 Acres, Natural Lakes and Swimming Pool
Offers the Following Camp Activities:
Tennis, Table Tennis, Badminton, Swimming, Boating, Fishing, Riding, Handball, Dramatics, Dancing, etc.
EXCELLENT CUISINE
Special Attention Given to Building-Up and Reducing by Experienced Dietitian.
An Abundance of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.
Rates: $22.50 to $25.00 Weekly
POST OFFICE ADDRESS
Hunts-Brook Lodge, N. London, Ct., N. L. 7226
CITY ADDRESS
22 Buckingham Rd., B'klyn, N. Y., BU 4-7400

Carefree! Friendly! Informal!
LAKE CHODIKEE LODGE
HIGHLAND, N. Y.
FEATURES: * * John Hampshire, Jr., Broadway Director as Director of Resident Theatre Group * * Irving Davidson, Noted Humorist and Lecturer as Director of Daily Open Air University * * Complete adult social and athletic activities.
BACHELORS! Dividend checks are waiting for you. Phone Iven H. Gordon, Bachelor Director for full details. Free transportation by boat for two weeks' vacationist.
GALA LABOR DAY CELEBRATION
3 full days..... $18.50
4 full days..... $22.50
NEW YORK CITY, 1202 Kings Highway, B'klyn, ES 5-4330

TALL TIMBER
LAKE MOHEGAN, N. Y., Peekskill 3275
Only 85c from Grand Central to Peekskill. 2½ mile lake, 3 tennis courts, 2 handball courts. Other sports facilities. Horses and Golf nearby. Weekly tennis and handball tournaments. Special entertainment. $22 weekly; $4.50 per day.

SOUTH WIND
LIMITED TO 125 ADULT GUESTS
145 Beautiful Acres Large Private Lake Swimming, rowing, fishing, tennis. ALL sports, dancing, professional theatre. Reasonable rates.
You'll like the folks you meet here
SOUTH WIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.
New York Office: 154 Nassau St. BEekman 3-1778

ENJOY YOUR VACATION AT
EAGER ROSE GARDEN
Bushville, N. Y. *(Bet. Monticello and Ferndale)*
Fishing — Bathing — Tennis — Social Activities.
Private Baths and Showers. Proletarian rates.
N. Y.: DRydock 4-3328 Phone: Monticello 571

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECHO LAKE TAVERN
A Camp for Adults in the ADIRONDACKS
WARRENSBURG
COLORFUL
CONGENIAL
COMFORTABLE
RATES: $29.50 UP
ECHO LAKE TAVERN
WARRENSBURG, NEW YORK
City Phone: VAnderbilt 3-9875

ARROW-HEAD LODGE
ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK
CHARMING WELL ORGANIZED PLACE
HORSEBACK GOLF HANDBALL
TENNIS DANCING
City information:
DR. B. NEWMAN JErome 6-2334

A MODERN CAMP FOR ADULTS
THE RARE CHARM OF AN INTIMATE CONGENIAL GROUP—Moderate Rates. All sports. Superior Cuisine. De Luxe Bungalows. Booklet on Request.
TIMBERLAND 31 W. 42nd St., PEnn. 6-7663.
TIMBERLAND In The Adirondacks
POTTERSVILLE, N. Y. (Warren County)
Esther R. Kessler — Israel H. Kessler

FOR COMPLETE RELAXATION
VINEYARD LODGE
ULSTER PARK, NEW YORK
"Garden Spot of Ulster County"
Where peace and tranquillity reign supreme. Modern hotel midst beautiful orchards, vineyards and woodland. All sports, solariums, swimming, social activities. Rate: $18.00.
J. ROSENTHAL, Kingston 3430

HOTEL CAPITOL
LIVINGSTON MANOR NEW YORK
I. GOODMAN, Proprietor
IDEAL VACATION FOR YOUNG FOLKS
Tennis — Horseback Riding — Swimming — Rowing
Handball — Baseball — And all Social Activities.
"OUR FOOD IS OUR REPUTATION"
Modern Rates — Special Low Rates for Groups.
Phone 194. — Cars at Station.

LOCUST GROVE FARM
A real 97 acre farm completely improved, just 55 miles from New York. Run by an artist * for artistic people. Nearby lake and all sports. Arts and crafts. Finest home cooked food. Limited accommodations. Information and reservations from
* G. A. Podorson, 132 W. 23rd St., N. Y. WA 9-1532
or Sylvan Lake, Hopewell Junction, N. Y. Phone 14-F-6.

VITA-RAY HOUSE
FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY
A Vegetarian Resort
● All Outdoor Sports on Premises—Golf Nearby
● Beautiful country
● Variety of excellently prepared foods
● Fare, $1.60 round-trip
$22 A WEEK — $3.50 A DAY
For New York Information
BESTFOOD RESTAURANT V. Tofilowsky
225 West 36th Street Tel. CHickering 4-8547

ONE OF THE BETTER RESORTS
Pauls
SWAN LAKE, N.Y.

CAMP NITGEDAIGET
BEACON, N. Y. Beacon 731
ALL SPORTS—GOOD PROGRAMS—DANCING
Hotel and Bungalow Accommodations
$16 per week
City Office: EStabrook 8-1400

Gershwin won't bulk large in the history of music. Only a few songs will keep him in the ranks of even the minor artists. But he spoke for us, and for all his and our stuttering and mispronunciations and harshness of idiom, we suddenly found eloquence.

R. D. DARRELL.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Questions before Congress. A representative discusses current issues Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. and a senator on Thursdays at 5 p.m., C.B.S.

Harold L. Ickes. The Secretary of the Interior discusses the workings of his department during another U.S. Cabinet program, Fri., Aug. 20, 10:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Salzburg Music Festival. Maestro Toscanini conducts Mon., Aug. 23, 4:20 p.m., N.B.C. blue, and Tues., Aug. 24, 12:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Will speak from Shanghai on "Facing the North China Crisis," Mon., Aug. 23, 7:30 p.m., C.B.S.

"The Straw." Peggy Wood continues the Eugene O'Neill cycle, Mon., Aug. 23, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

"Henry IV." Walter Huston, supported by Brian Aherne, Walter Connolly, and Humphrey Bogart, in the seventh of Columbia's Shakespearean cycle, Mon., Aug. 23, 9 p.m., C.B.S.

National Radio Forum. Leading political figures in the nation's life will speak from Washington, Mon., Aug. 23, 10:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Broadcast from Jupiter. The Hayden Planetarium continues its series, Tues., Aug. 24, 5:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Ralph Bates. From Spain every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 p.m., via short wave on station EAR, 31.65 meters. On all other nights, a fifteen-minute news broadcast at 7:30 p.m.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

The Life of Emile Zola. Easily the best film of the year, powerful and profound.

You Can't Have Everything. A better than average backstage musical with the hilarious Ritz brothers.

Ourselves Alone. Realistic dramatization of the Irish rebellion of 1921. Should be on your "must" list.

High, Wide and Handsome. A fairly entertaining story about the Pennsylvania oil boom with music by Jerome Kern.

Super-Sleuth. Jack Oakie and Eduardo Ciannelli in a funny detective yarn.

They Won't Forget. A powerful and extremely moving film of a lynching in the deep South.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDINGS

Beethoven. The A-major quartet, Opus 18, No. 5, is recorded by the Lener foursome on Columbia 301, and the trio in C-minor, Opus 1, No. 3, is played by Milton Kaye, Max Hollander, and Sterling Hunkins on a Musicraft release.

Handel. The peerless William Primrose and an orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr make a gem of the concerto in B-minor for viola and small orchestra (Columbia).

Haydn. The light choral works, "Die Harmonie in der Ehe," and "Die Beredsamkeit," well sung by Lehman Engel's W.P.A. Madrigal Singers on a Gamut disk.

Mozart. The Budapest foursome plays the F-major quartet (Victor Album M-348).

Scarlatti. Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord gives us the F-minor sonata (Gamut).

TWIN PINES
A Camp for Adults
De luxe rooms with individual screened sun porches, adjoining bath and shower; comfortable bungalow rooms. All land and water sports; music, dancing, entertainment.
Booklet on request.
TWIN PINES on TROUT LAKE
SAMUEL SAIDEL, Prop.
P. O., Lake George, N. Y.

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
Pleasurable retreat for rest and solitude, among scenic hills of Westchester Co. Hotel with camp activities. 100-acre estate, private lake, sports, golf nearby. 30 miles from city, excellent cuisine, reasonable rates.
For information, write or telephone
ARMONK VILLAGE 955

PAINT-WRITE-STUDY-REST
at SACKS FARM
Saugerties, N. Y. R. No. 1, Box 267 Saugerties 82 F 5
Running brook for bathing and fishing.
Horseback Riding. Finest home cooking.
August: $17 per week
City Information: BUtterfield 8-9683

THE HARMONY
COUNTRY CLUB
ON LAKE ANAWANA
HURLEYVILLE NEW YORK
● private lake and beach ● all sports
● sun pavilions ● tops in entertainment
City Information: DIckens 6-3273

CAMP AMMISQUAM
ABRAM RESNICK
Director
Gloucester, Mass.
Charming
UNPRETENTIOUS
on picturesque bay at Gloucester—fine spirit, whole-hearted direction. All land and sea sports. Send for booklet

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line
6 words in a line 3 lines minimum

VACATION CAMPS, RESORTS

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL
Social and cultural activities—Summer sports. New Tennis Courts, handball, pingpong, swimming. Ideal place for vacation—$14.50 per week. N. Y. Central to Peekskill—By boat to Indian Point. Write Buchanan, New York, or Phone Peekskill 2879.

AVANTA FARMS, ULSTER PARK, NEW YORK
Workers resting place,
cordially invites you for quiet rest. Plenty of good, fresh food. Bathing
5% of proceeds to go to Daily Worker"
Special Rate: Week, $12.50; Day, $2.30; No Children.
West Shore Railroad. Phone Ulster Park 9-F 22.

MOUNTAIN LAKE FARMS, Union Grove, N. Y. (near Livingston Manor). E. Keiser. Swimming, boating, tennis, pingpong, fishing, etc. Large, beautiful lake, glorious mountain country. 400 acres—2,500 ft. Delicious meals, all conveniences. $18 and $20 per week.

BERT FRIEDBERG invites you to a delightful farm situated on 150 acres of beautiful country. Always pleasant companionship. Good food. Tennis, swimming, riding.
THE HIL-BERT HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y. Telephone: Mahopac 2083

FURNISHED ROOMS—BROOKLYN

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL
37 Minutes Times Square.
Make This Your Summer Home.
Recreational Facilities. Solariums. Single, $8 up.
SHeepshead 3-3000.

TYPING SERVICE

THESES, MANUSCRIPTS typed—called for and delivered—25 cents per 1,000 words—call 6 to 7 P. M. TR. 8-3178, or write F-E Typing Service, 788 East 175th Street, New York City.

CHILDREN BOARDED

NURSE will board children from birth up. Reasonable. Mrs. Sonia Green, 2544 East 24 Street, Brooklyn, Phone SHeepshead 3-3707 W.

MAILING SERVICE

COMPLETE MAILING SERVICE: We are prepared to handle your Printing, Multigraphing, Mimeographing and Mailing needs. Quick service, low prices, any quantities. MAILERS ADVERTISING SERVICE, 121 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. BRyant 9-5053.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOVIETS

by Albert Rhys Williams

A 554-PAGE BOOK of facts about the Soviet Union by a man who lived in the Soviet Union for nine years—who worked on this book for ten—who knew Lenin—who knows Russia and the Russian people—who checked and double-checked research and recent data to make this the most readable and complete story of the Soviets and the Soviet way of living. Some 200 pages of brief explanations in answer to 88 important questions—with 300 more of details, intimate anecdotes and descriptions. "Far more than a reference book," says John Strachey, ". . . a richness, a feel of first-hand contact makes every page delightful reading."

and

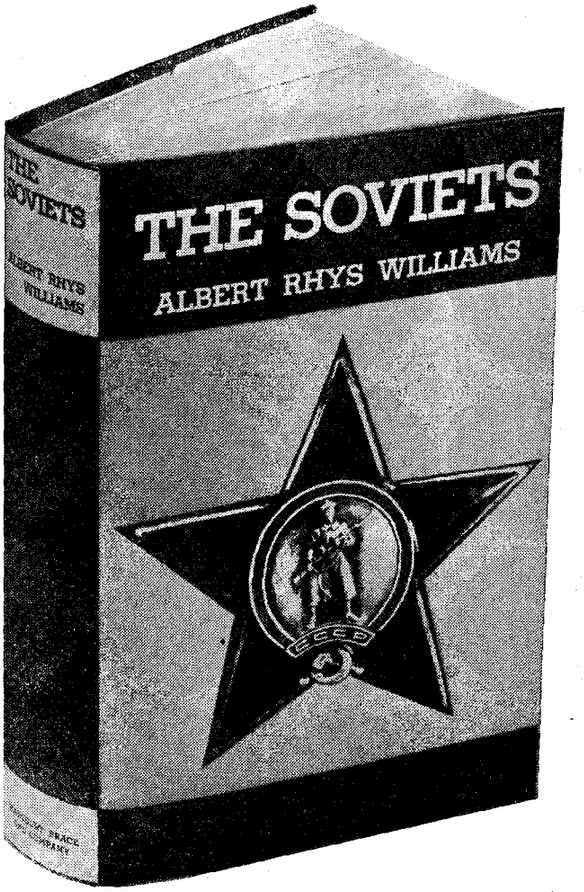
NEW MASSES

for Six Months—26 Issues

THE WEEKLY that pulls no punches, takes no vacation, spares no effort to bring you the significant news of the world, with critical comment thereon, and an organizer of action against the forces of reaction. (Regular six-month subscription price $2.50.)

Both for Only **$3.50** ***(Saves $2)***

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



Informal as a pamphlet—informative as an encyclopedia, this book answers questions like these:

What is the policy of the Soviets towards Jews, Tartars, Kazakhs, Armenians, and the other 185 peoples?

What is the force that holds the huge Soviet apparatus together and keeps it going?

Why is the Communist Party so powerful?

Did the First Five Year Plan succeed and what about the Second and Third?

What is the role of the workshops and handicrafts cooperatively owned and run by their members?

How is work on a Collective Farm carried on?

What is the role of science in developing the economic life of the country?

What are the functions of the labor unions?

How are the people insured against illness, accident, old age, unemployment?

What incentives to work has the Soviet citizen?

What is the status of women under the Soviets?

How are marriages made in the Soviet Union? How are people divorced?

How do the Soviets deal with the liquor problem?

Are the Church and Religion persecuted in the Soviet Union?

Do the arts serve as instruments of propaganda?

Who writes Soviet books and who reads them?

How do the Soviets treat the criminal?

What are the incomes and status of the Soviet brain workers—artists, doctors, teachers, engineers?

Does the Soviet Union seek to overthrow other governments?

How large and effective are the armed forces—the Red Army, Navy, and the Air Fleet?

NEW MASSES, 31 East 27 St., N. Y. C.

I enclose $3.50 for which please send me "The Soviets" by Albert Rhys Williams and the New Masses for six months in accordance with your special combination offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

OCCUPATION..... NM 8-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED